No. 317 Walnut St., Philades.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1870.

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RIDING OVER THE REATHER.

OR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. BY KATHERINE KINGSTON FILER.

Bloom, bonny buds o' brightsome May;
Ah bloom again as once of yore
When Hugh and I went riding down
Through the broom-blossoms of the moor.
The heather shook its purple bells,
Wake-robins quivered in the breeze,
And gentians, looking o'er the cliffs,
Reflected asure of the sees;
When Hugh and I went gayly riding down
O'er miles of blooming moor-land to the
town.

He loved me then. Ah, love untrue,
That flowed and obbed e'en as the tide,
When we rode on among the blooms
In languid pleasure side by side.
Ah, love so true while all was May,
Ah, love so false in bleaker weather,
When he went by and let me bear
Woes that we should have borne together.
—Ah light, unfaithful leve, go by, go by,
Hushed in your heart life's sweetest melody.

Bloom, bonny buds o' brightsome May,
And sing, oh songster in the heather;
Let all be joyous, all be wild,
As in the halcyon summer weather
When love was new and seemed a-true,
E'er 't turned away and passed me by,
Leaving my warm heart sad and cold,
And in its centre drearily,
One echoing melody to ebb and flow,
Full softly as the blue waves long ago.

BESSY RANE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "BAST LYNNE," "GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL," &c.

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER XXIII. A LAST PROPOSAL.

Affairs grew more unsatisfactory at Dallory as the weeks went on. The atrice continued; the men utterly refusing to return to work except on their own terms; or, rather, the Trades Union refusing to allow them. Supplies to them grew more scenty. If not actual famine, something near akin to it began to reign. North Inlet, once so prosperous, looked like a half-starved place out at elbows—the same as its inhabitants. Oh, what semeless folly it was? What would it end in? Mrs. Gass had tired of going amid the men to tell them her mind and try to bring them to reason; but Miss Dallory went. Alise Dallory could make no impression whatever. The men were moody, miserable, three parts starved; they would have been glad to go back to work again almost on no pay at all, only as a relief to the present weary idleness; but they belonged to the famous Trades Union now, and must obey its dictates. Mary Dallory got in a passion sometimes; and asked whether they were men, or cravens, that they had no pity for their poor helpless children.

One day Mrs. Gass and Miss Dallory went forth together. Not of premeditation. One of Ketlar's children was ill and weakly; incipient consumption, Dr. Rane said; she was a sweet little child, mild and genule; and Miss Dallory would sometimes carry her strengthening things. It was a frightful shame, she would tell Ketlar, that he should Affairs grew more unsatisfactory at Dallory as the weeks went on. The strike con-

Miss Dallory would sometimes carry her strengthening things. It was a frightful shame, she would tell Ketlar, that he should let even this poor sick little one starve: and Ketlar humbly acknowledged to his own heart that the child eras starving; and felt it to his back-bone. The man was as well meaning a man as heaven ever sent into the world; anxious to do his duty: but he was in the hands of the Trades Union, and completely heipless.

Completely helpless.

Miss Dallory wore a print gown and was altogether a vast deal less fine than Jelly.

She had a small basket in her hand, con-She had a small basket in her nand, one takining fresh eggs. As she passed Mrs. Gas-'s, that lady was standing at her open parlor window, in all the glory of a gorgeous green satin robe, and white bonnet with bird-of-paradise feather. She dearly loved

bird-of-paradise feather. She dearly loved rich clothes, and saw no reason why she should not wear them.

"Where be you bound to, my dear?" asked the grandly-dressed lady, as Mary stopped.
"I want to take these eggs to little Clssy Ketlar. Mrs. Gass, I cannot think what is to become of all the poor children if this state of things should last much longer."

"I'm sure I can't. It goes again the grain to see 'em want; but when we give 'em food or help, it's just so much premium offered to the fathers' incorrigible obstinacy and idleness, my dear."

"But the child is sick," said Mary Dallory.
"And so are many other children."

SO STORE



JAPANESE WOMEN.

The condition of women in Japan is far women. Girls are educated as we'll as boys; the wife is mistress of the family. The first less degraded than in most Asiatic countries, and foreigners in Japan are favorably im- lady a Japanese marries is considered the printress and subject to so much seclusion, but have almost as much liberty as American manners of the Japanese ladies. At home, wires as his means will allow him to support.

a plain black frock coat and gray trowsers, with fine white linen. His hands rested on the counter as he talked to the men, who faced him on the other side of it; a crowd of them, all with attentive countenances. Mrs. Gass signed to Miss Dallory to halt; not to conceal themselves from Richard, but simply lest their advance should interrupt what he

was saying. And so they remained listening, Richard unconscious that he had any other audience than his work-people.

The matter was this. A contract had just been offered to North and Gass. It was one of value, and would certainly, if accepted, keep the men employed for some time. It was offered at a certain price. Richard North made his calculations and found that he could accept it provided the men would Richard work on the former terms: but he could not if the rate of wages had to be raised. Considering the present hopoless condition of the men, imagining that they must have had pretty nearly sufficient experience of idleness and empty cupboards to bring them to, at least, exercise reason, he determined to lay the proposal before them—that they might accept or reject it. In a clear and concise manner he stated this, and the men them then advanced a few steps before the rest, and answered—answered without the smallest deliberation; without so much as a pretence of inquiring what the fewlings of his fellows might be.

"But the child is sick," said Mary Dallory.
"And so are many other children."
"They'll be wore afore long. My dear, I was not a talking at you, in saying that. But I don't see where it's all to end. We can't set up hospitals for the children and women, even with the best will to do it. And the will I, for one, have not. Once get their wives and children took care of, and the men ad lead the lives of gentlemen to the close o' the chapter. Here; I'll walk with you, my dear; and we can talk going along."

She came forth, drawing on her lemon-colored gloves: and they went towards Ketlar. North Inlet looked deserted to-day. Not a man was lounging in it. The few

stragglers to be seen were walking along briskly in the direction of the works; as if they had business on hand, and without their pipes. Mrs. Gass arreated one who was passing her.

"What's up, Dawson?"

"We've been called together, ma'am, to meet Mr. Richard North. He have yot som's to say to us. Happen, may be, he's a going to give in at late."

"Is he?" retorted Mrs. Gass. "I don't think you ne d worrit your inside with that idea, Dawson. It's a deal more likely that he's going to wara you he'll sell the worksout and out—if he can get any fool to buy 'em."

The man passed on. Mrs. Gass, as she turned to speak to Miss Dallory, gave a flourish with her small white lace parasol and z toes to the bird-of-paradise.

"Had anybody told me men could be so loatinate, in regard to thinking theirselves in the right, I'd not have believed it; but seeing's believing. My dear, suppose we just step on to the works, and I-arn what the marter is than Mr. Richard has in hand."

The men, going in at the iron gates, branched round to their own entrance. Mrs. Gase took Miss Dallory to a private one. It led at once into what might now be called the works of plenty again, your children can est and frink. In short, both to you and to me, this tirry of the tird. We'll have none o'them Belgiums here!"

"Allow me to fell you, Thoms, to tell you all, that the Belgians will not ask your would be the part of dogs-in-the-manger? I offer you do not, I to have enough to see it for yourselves. The decision flow with you, unfortunately; I whis her small white lace parasol and z toes to the bird-of-paradise.

"Had anybody told me men could be so loatinate, in regard to thinking theirselves in the right, I'd not have believed it; but seeing's believing. My dear, suppose we just step on to the works, and I-arn what the matter is than Mr. Richard has in hand."

The men, going in at the iron gates, branched round to their own entrance. Mrs. Gase took Miss Dallory to a private one. It led at once into what might now be called the audience chambor, it in writh myself. Shall I take it, or shall I not?"

"We couldn't return at them rate of wages nohow," spoke up a voice from the thick of the throng.

"It is the last chance that I shall offer you," proceeded Richard. "For your sakes I would strongly advice you to take it. Heaven is my witness that I am honest in saying 'for your sakes." We have been associated together for many years, and I cannot see the breaking up of old ties without first using every effort to re-unite them. I must give my answer to-morrow; accept this work or reject it. Little time is allowed one for decision, therefore I am unable to give much to you. Virtually the acceptation or rejection lies with you; for, without you, I could not fulfill it but I cannot help a remark in passing, that for such a state of things to exist argue something rutten at the core in the relations between master and men. At six o'clock to-morrow morning the interest in the core. aven is my witnering 'for your sakes.' We more in the breaking up of old ties without retuining every effort to re-unite them. I sating every effort to the offort. I then frogs of the every together. Mrs. Only the every blank to the every blank every event that his voice should have been record things to exist argues something rotten at the core in the relations between meater and mem. At six o'clock to morrow morning the sating event event event measure. I sating event event

give them work on new terms.
"No," said Richard North. "I am very different from you, my men. You see work at your hand, and will not do it. You look at your band, and will not uo is. pose) easy spathy, giving neither care nor abxiety how you and your families are to live. I, on the contrary, am only abxious stowork; at a reduced rate of profit, on a smaller scale if it must be; but, any way, to work. Night after night I lie awake, of the Tyne; gone in ywhere that men can tormented with lively apprehensions for the future. What seemed, when your first turned out, to be a mere temporary stoppage, future. What seemed, when your first turn-ed out, to be a mere temporary stoppage, that reason and good sense on both our sides could not fail to receify, has assumed gigantic proportions and a permanent as pect. After some time I gave way; offering to split the difference, as to wag. s, if you would

be, but yours? Don't talk nonsense, my long of the past; let it yo. I now make you this last and final does; and I think it only fair to tell you what my course will be if you reject it. I shall go over to Belgium and see if I cannot engage Belgian workmen to come here and taxe your places."

A dead silence fell on the room. Ketlar broke it.

"You'd surely not do that, sir!"

be, but yours? Don't talk nonsense, my long and the yourse to say that the Court for will not say that the work it is a think it only fair to tell you what my course when the between you "

The act is, sir, that we are not our own masters," said Kettar.

"Just so. And it seems that you cannot, or will not, emancipate yourselves from your new slawery and become again your own masters.

However, I did not call you together the course of the course of the work.

"You'd surely not do that, sir!"

their agitation. As truly as that I rive, as that I now stand here and speak to you, I believe this will come. In different parts of the country whole places are being dismantled—the work has left it. Do you suppose North Inlet is the only spot where the provision shops may as well be closed because the men have no longer money to spend in them? Any new-spaper you take up will show you to the contrary. Read about the ship building in the East of London: how it has gone away, and whole colonies of men are left behind

" No. No." Mumurs. "No. No."
"No! Why, here's a very present ideastration of it. Whose fault is it that my works here are shut up, and you are living in idleness-or, we'll say, starving in idleness return—"
"But we wanted the whole," came an interruption. "And you didn't give way as to time."

if you like the word better. If I am unable to take this present contract now offered, and it goes el-owhere, whose doings will it be, but yours? Don't talk nonsense, my

interrupted Ketiar, some andress in his tone.

"At six o'clock to-morrow morning the callbell here will ring," authoritatively repeated Richard North. "Tou respend to it, and I shall heartily welcome you back. If you do not, my refusal must go in, and the job will lapse from me. If we part to-day, it is our final parting—for I shall at once take measures to eccure a fresh set of work-people. Though I get but ten together at first, and the work I undertake be insignificant in proportion, I'll get them. It will be something like beginning life again: and you will have forced it on ma."

"And of all pig-headed idioties that mortal measter ever had to deal with, sure you men be the worst!"

The undiquided interruption emanated from Mre Gase. Richard looked round, in great surprise; perhaps all the greater when he saw also Miss Dallory. Mrs. Gase came forward; talking here, talking there; her bird-of-paradise nodding time to her words. As usual she told the men some home-truths; sounding some the less forcibly because her language was as their own—homely.

"Is this true?" asked Miss Dallory, in a

homely.

"Is this true?" asked Miss Dallory, in a low tone, as Richard went back to shake hands with her. "Shall you really re-open the works again, with another set of mon?"

men?"

'Yes—if these do not return. It will be better, however quietly I may have to begin, than going out to seek my fortune in the world. At least, I have lately been think-

than going out to seek my fortune in the world. At least, I have lately been thinking so."

"Will the man return?"

"I am afraid to give you my true opinion. Lest it should seem like a bad omen."

"And now you have given it me. It is also mine. They are blind to infantation."

"Not so much blind, I think, as that they are—I have just said so to them—in a state of slavery from which they dare not emancipate themselves."

"And who would?—under the specious promises of the Trades Unions? Don't blame them too much, Mr. Richard North. If some great strong body came down on you and me with all kinds of agitation and golden promises for the future, we might believe in them too."

Richard shook his head.

"Not if the great strong body lived by the agitation; and took our hard-sarsed money to keep themselves and the golden promises going."

Mary Dallory laughed a little.

money to keep themselves and the golden promises going."

Mary Dallory laughed a little.

"Shall you ring that great bell in the morning?"

"Yes. Certainly I shall."

"Ah, well—the men will only laugh at you from their beds. But I dare say you can stand that. Oh, dear me! What need the next world be like, when this is so foolish a one!"

The meeting had broken up. Richard North and some few of the more intelligent of the men—those who had filled the more important posts at the works—remained, talking yet together. Mrs. Gass, and Mary Dallory, with ner basket of fresh eggs, went away together.

Women stood about with anxious faces, watching for the news. They were tired of the strike: heartsick, as some of them feelingly expressed it. Nothing teaches like experience: the women were as eager for the atrike at one time as ever the men could be, believing it would bring a tide of proeperity in its wake. They had not hargained for

Mrs. Ketlar stood at her door in a tattered black net cap—the once tidy woman. She was shading the aun from her eyes as she looked out for her husband. It prevented her noticing the approach of the ladies; and when they are sted her she backed into her house in her timid fashion, rather startled, attempting some words as by way of apolycy. The little gil who was sick—a wan child of seven years old—was being nursed by one somewat older. Miss Dallory looked to see that there was a chair left capable of to see that there was a chair left capable of to see that there was a chair left capable of being sat upon, and took the invalid on her own lap. Nearly all the available things the house once contained had been parted with; either pledged or sold. Miss Dallory gave the eggs to the mother, and a haif pint bottle of beef tea that lay at the bottom of the backs.

the basket. "How is Cissy, to day?" she asked, tenderly of the child.
"Cresy tired," was the little one's an-

swer.
"Has Clesy finished the strawberries?"

Cissy nodded. "Then let your big boy come to Ham Court for some more," said Miss Dallory, turning to the mother.

The "big boy" was the eldest. He hall been employed at the works, but was of course condemned to be fell, like the rest.

"Bain't you pretty nigh tired of this sort o' think," demanded Mrs. Gaze, who had come to an anchor on a wooden bucket

turned upside-down. The woman knew what she meant by "this ort o'thing," and give a gram. It was very expressive, showing how tired she was or it, and how hopeless were prospects of any change.

"I've heard about the master's offer, ma'am; but the men mean to reject it, "shy and ... Smith sto.pped to tell me as he wind by. The Lord above hores what is to become of us!"

"If the men do reject it, they'll deserve to sit for the rees of theelr lives on a iron-plougholive with all its spikes alleding into the word could see justly be applied to Dr. Ease; he did not wast to hear what was uncomfortable seat probably suggesting the tides, ... "Any way, I hope they'll never get the pricks can't there counced notes."

"I've the Trades Union," and the woman in a low tone, giving a seared look around. "I've the Trades Union," and the word could be subject to stop in beyond hours, if required."

"Not do as they would?" ecboed Mrs. Gase. "Don't you glob up their folly and retail it to me again, Sasan Ketlar. If the men was foole enough to be drawed into joining the Union at first—and I'd not blame em too much for that, for the best of us gets led away at times by fair promises that turn out in the end to be smoke, or worse—they ought not to be so pig-headed as to keep there. Now that they've seen what good that precious Trades Union is doing for em to other words and leave it. Mr. Ittchard North has this day gave them the opportunity of doing so. Every man Jack of 'em can go beck to work to more of their common sense and leave it. Mr. Ittchard North has this day gave them the opportunity of doing so. Every man Jack of 'em can go beck to work to more of their common sense and leave it. Mr. Ittchard North has this day gave them the opportunity of doing so. Every man Jack of 'em can go beck to work to more of their common sense and leave it. Mr. Ittchard North has this day gave them the opportunity of doing so. Every man Jack of 'em can go beck to work to more of clock to-day."

The place of the received by work to be more, or of their common sense and leave it. Mr. Ittchard North has this day gave them the opportunity of doing so. Every man Jack of 'em can go beck to work to like heirs and the followed leave it. Mr.

comfort. It may be the state of the state of

bond to the Union."

"Then let 'em unite theirselves. Dou't tell me, Kusan Ketlar. Afraid? What of? Could the Union till 'em for it? Could they be hung and drawn-and-quartered for leaving it? Who is the Union? Giants that were born with thunderbolts in their hands and power from the Creator to use 'em to control people's wills?—or just simple men lake themselves; workmen too once, come of lee people's will re-or just simple men in themselves: workmen too once, some of 'em, if reports are true. You'd better not try to come over me with your fallacies, Busan Ketlar. Facts is facts, and reason's reason. If these men chose to do it, they could send the Trades Union to the right about this ay, and come back with one accord to work and their senses to-morrow. Who's to hin-

Suean Ketlar ventured no more. She only Busan Kellar ventured no more. She only wished she dared say as much to her husband and the mes. But, what with common sense, as Mrs. Gase called it, on the one side, and the Trades Union sophistries pulling on the other, the steering along in North Inlet just now was perplexing in the extreme. Mrs. Gase rose from her unessy seat, and departed with Mary Dallory.

CHAPTER XXIV

AT NIGHT: UNDER THE CEDAR-TREE.

There was commetion that day in Dallory off or like this of Richard North's, coming as it did in the very midst of distress and prolonged privation, could not be rejected off hand without some dissenting voices. The few men who had not joined the Union. who only wished to get back to work, pleaded for its acceptance as if they were pleading for very life. Strangers als—that is, gen-tlemen who had no direct interest in the went about amid the men, striving question—went about amid the men, striving to impress upon them where their obligations lay, and what their course ought to be. One of these was Dr. Rane. There had been a good deal of sickness lately—when is there not where privation reigns?—and the doctor's services were in much requisition. In every house he went that day to every every house he went that day, to every workman with whom he came in contact, he spoke forcibly and kindly: urging them mostrongly not to reject this opportunity putting themselves right with the world.

putting themselves right with the world. It was one, he said, that might never occur again, if neglected now. Dr. Rane, while bianing toe men, was sorry for them; pityingly sorry for their wives and children. He had had a very fatiguing day. When the dusk of evening came on, he went and sat in the garden, tired and weary. Beesy was gone to spend the evening at Ham Court with Mary Dallory; and the doctor had promised to fetch her home. His ruminations still ran, as ever, on the getting away from Dallory; but at present there seemed to be little chance of his doing it: unless he could dispose of his practice here, he would not have the wherewithal to establish himnot have the wherewithal to establish him-self in another place. Had Oliver Rane been a less healthy man than he really was, he would long ago have thought himself into a

darker. Dr. Rane struck his tepeater—for it was too dark to see—wonder-ing whether it was time to go for his wife. No, not quite, be found; he would delay an-No, not quite, be found; he would delay another quarter of an bour yet. And he lapsed back into his musings.

The seat he had chosen was underneally the seat he had chosen wa

The seat he had chosen was underneam it in his nears, as much as he was capacite of the garden, close to the wire fence that divided his ground from Mrs. Cumberland's, and also close against that lady's back door.

The seat he had chosen was underneam it in his nears, as much as he was capacite or resenting anything.

"You shouldn't make game of a young wind in this manner, Miss Jelly! I'm sure it thought you were in carnest. You'd make the great cedar tree at the extreme corner of the garden, close to the wire fence that divided his ground from Mrs. Cumberland's, and also close against that lady's back door. An intervaning leafy foliage of clematis and woodbine would have hidden him from anyone on the other side even at daylight, and Dr. Rane feltas much in private as he would have been in an African desert. From his own troubles his thoughts went roaming off to other matters; to the long sojourn of his mother at Eastsea, and to wondering when she meant to come home; and thence on to speculate on what the workmen's answer to Richard North's call would be.

Richard North's call would be.
"Will they show the white feather still? and it is nothing less, this cowardly grovel-ling to the dictates of the Trades Union," soliloquized Dr. Rane; "or will they respond to Dick like men of sense, and go back to

him? But for those agitators—"
"I can tell you what it is, Mr. Tim Wilks,
if you don't choose to keep your time and
you promises, you need not trouble yourself
to come worrying after me later. A good

The above, succeeding to the sound of footsteps in the lane, uttered in the sharpest times of Jelly, out the the musings of Dr. Rane. A short equabble ensued; Jelly scolding; Tim Wilks breathlossly explain-ing. From what the doctor, sitting in siing. From what the doctor, sixing in si-lence and unsuspected, could gather, it ap-prared that Jelly must have had some ap-pointment with Tim (no doubt of her own imperious making) which he had failed to keep, and that he had come running after her, only catching her up at the garden door. Jelly put the key in the lock and stepped uside the garden; the servants sometimes chose that way of entrance in preference to the front. During the absence of Mrs. Cuming.

the front. During the absence of Mrs. Cum berland Jelly acted as the house's mistress entertained her friends, and went in accout at well. Mr. Wilks meckly remained where he was, not during to cross the threshold without her permission.

that he did not altogether care to betray his proximity.

"Why does that o'd Da'e not get another elerk?" demanded Jelly. "I should tell him plainly, if I were yeu, Tim, that going without my regular meals did not suit me." "We should not dare to say that. Much he'd listen if we did! As to getting another clerk, I believe he is doing it. Repton's ductor says he'll never be well again, so Dale thinks it's of no good waiting for him."

"You were to be put up in Repton's place, if ever he went out of it," and Jelly quickly.

quickly.

"I know I was"—and Timothy Wilks's voice took so strangely rusful a tone that it might have made Dr. Rane laugh under more open circumstances. "But when Dale made that promise, Miss Jelly, you see the affair of the anonymous letter had not taken place."

place."
"What anonymous letter?"
"The one that killed Edmund North.

"The one that killed Edmund North."
"Why, you don't mean to incinuate that
Dale lays the blame of that on you?"
"I don't suppose he thinks I sent it. Indeed I'm sure he does not. But he was anything but pleasant over it to me at the time and he has never been quite the same to me

"He is an unjust ow!," said Jelly "One does not look for much else than in-

justice from lawyers."
"Does Dale say that letter is the reason

"Does Dale say that letter is the reason of his not promoting you to Reptan's place?"
"He doesn't sayit; but I know just as well that it is so as if he did."
Jelly struck the key two or three times against the door. She was thinking.
"That's through your tongue, Timothy Wilks. You know you did talk of the matter out of the office."
"They say so," confessed Timothy. "But if I did, I'm sure I've been punished enough for it. It's hard that it should stick to malways like sitch. Why don't they find the

always like jitch. Why don't they find the writer of the letter, and plaster him? He was the villain; not me."
"So he was," said Jelly. "Tim, what would you say if I told you I knew who it

was ?"
"!? Excuse me, Miss Jelly, but I should

not quite believe it."
Jelly laughed. Not a loud laugh, was it, but rather derisive, and full of power. Its peculiar significance penetrated through the slender thicket of green, to him who was

slender thicket of green, to him who was seated under the cedar-tree, betraying to him all too surely that Jelly knew his dangerous secret. Even Tim Witks, leas sensitive, was struck with the sound.

"Surely, Miss Jelly, you do not mean that you know who wrote the letter!"

"I could put my finger out from where I now stand, Tim, and lay it on the right person," she answered in a low, impressive tone, little suspecting how literally true were the words. the words.

Tim seemed struck aghast. He drew deep breath.
"Thee, why don't you, Miss Jelly?"

"Because - 'Jeily stopped short, "Well because there are certain considerations that

make it inconvenient to speak "But you ought to speak. Indeed you ought, Miss Jelry. If Lawrer Dale got to hear of this, he'd tell you that it's quite obligator."

ligatory. Again there broke forth a laugh from

a fine play-actor."
"Shouldn't I," assented Jelly: "and take in the audience nicely; as I take in you.
Well'—changing her tone—"you must be soft, Tim Wilks! The idea of believing that

I could know who wrote the letter Toe hint about Lawyer Dale had frightened Jelly; bringing back the prudence which her impulsive sympathy with Tim's wrongs had momentarily sourced away. All she could do then, was to strive to undo the impres sion raised. There existed certain oc

sion raised. There existed certain considera-tions: and they made it, as she had aptly said, inconvenient to speak. But she felt vexed with herself: and resented it on Tim. "Look here," cried she. "I can't stand at this gate all night, jabbering with you; so you can just betake yourself off. And the next time you promise to be home by a cer-tain hour to take a late cup of tea with friends at Mrs. Green's, I'll trouble you to keep it. Mind that, Mr. Witka."

Mr. Wilks had his nose round the post.

keep it. Mind that, Mr. Wiika."

Mr. Wilks had his nose round the post, and was beginning some deprecatory rejoinder, but Jelly slammed the door, and nearly snapped the nose off. Locking it with a chek, she put the key in her pocket and marched on to the house. Leaving Dr. Rane alone to the night dews

under the heavy cedar-tree. Were the dews falling?—or was it that his own face gave out the damp moisture that lay on it? He sat atill as death.

So-then Jelly did know of it ?- as he had So—then Jelly did know of it?—as he had before half-suspected; and he had been living, east living, with a sword suspended over him. It mattered not to speculate upon how she acquired the terrible secret: she knew it and that was enough. Dr. Rane had not felt very safe before; but now it seemed to him as though he were treading on the extreme verge of a precipice, whose edge was crumbling from under him. There could be no cortainty at any moment that Jelly would not next day—the day after: how could be tell which day or hour it might be? Oliver East wiped his face, his hand saything but a steedy

mext day—the day after; hew could be self which day or hour it might be? Oliver Rame wiped his face, his hand anything but a steady one.

The "bestudy considerations that made it inconvenient to mean; "to which Jelly had conferenced, means that she was in service with Rine. Comberland; and that he was lifes. Comberland's one. While Jelly retained her place, she would not perhaps be deliberately guilty of the had faith of betraying—as it were—her mistrees. Not deliberately; but there were so many chances that might lead to it. Lawyer Dale's questionings—and who could answer for it that such might not at once set in at a word from Wilks?—or she might be quitting Mrs. Camberland's place; or taking upon herself to right Tim with the world; or speaking, as she had evidently spoken that night, upon impulse. Yes, yes; there were a hundred and one chances now of his betrayal?

He must get away from Dallory without delay. "Out of sight, out of mind," runs the old proverb—and it certainly seemed to Dr. Rane that if he were out of sight the chances of betrayal would be wonderfully leasehed. He could battle with it better, too, at a distance, if discovery came: perhaps wholly keep it from his wife. Never a cloud had come between him and Bevay: rather than let this disclosure come to ber—that he had been the one who caused her brother's death—he would have run away with her to the wilds of Africa. Or, perhaps from her. Run away! The thought brought a remembrance to his mind. That self-same morning acother letter had arrived from his friend in America, Dr. Jones. Dr. Jones had again urged on Oliver Rane his acceptance of the offer—to join his practice there—that he had previously made, saying it was an opportunity he might never again have throughout his life-time. Dr. Rane fully believed it: it was, beyond doubt, a very excellent offer: but alse! he had not, to spare, it we handred shillings. The Tontine money came flashing through his brain. Oh, if he could but get it. The sair grew really damp; but he still sait in the da

in the dark under the shade of the cedar-tree, reviewing plans and projects, ways and means. To him it was growing as a very matter of life or death. How long heast, he knew not: but by-and-by the faint sound of Dillory church clock was wafted to him through the clear sir. He counted the strokes—ten. Ten? Ten? Dr. Rane started up: he ought to have gone for his wife long and long ago.

Boom! boom! boom! Six o'clock in the morning; and the great bell ringing out from the works of North and Gass! It was a bell Dallory had not heard of late, and sleepy people turned in their beds. Many had been listening for it, knowing it was going to be rung: some got up and looked from their windows to see whether the street ecame alive with workmen, or whether

remained silent.

Richard North was within the works. He Richard North was within the works. He had come out thus early, hoping to welcome his men. Three or four entered with him. The bell rang its accustomed time, and then ceased; its sound dying away, and leaving a faint echo in the air. There was no other answer: the men had not responded to the call. Nothing more than that faint vibration of sound, remained to tell of the appeal made by Richard North.

Richard North threw up, compulsorily, the offered contract; and proceeded on a journey without loss of time. Some said he went to Scotland, some to Belgium; but the journey without loss of time. Some said he went to Scotland, some to Belgium; but the utmost known about it was that his departure had reference to business. But that he was a temperate man, and given to pity as much as to blame, he could have cursed the men's blind folly. What was to become of them? The work was there, and they drove it away from their doors, driving all chance with it of regaining prosperity. They were forcing him to their supersedure: they were bringing despsir, famine, death upon a place where content and comfort had used to reign. Yes, death: as you will find later. Sure never did greater blindness, than this, fall on mortal sight!

Days went on, and grew into weeks: net many: and Richard North was still absent. Prospects seemed to be looking gloomy on all sides. To make matters worse, some cases of fever began to manifest themselves at Dailory. Dr. Rane and his brother practitioner, Mr. Seeley, only wondered that something of the kind had not broken out before.

Amidst other places that wore an air of gloom was the interior of Dailory Hall.

thing of the kind had not broken out before.

Amidst other places that wore an air of gloom was the interior of Dallory Hull.

Madam's insatiable demands for money had been very partially responded to of late: not at all since the absence of Richard. Even at an since the absence of richard. Even she, with all her imperious scorn of whence supplies came, provided they did come, began to realize the fact that gold can no more be drawn from exhausted coffers than blood from a stone. It did not tend to render her temper sweeter.

She sat one morning in what she was pleased to call her bouldor—a charming pleased to call her boudoir—a charming apartment opening from her dressing-room. Several letters lay before her, brought up by her maid: she pad carelessly tossed then aside for some hours, but was getting to them now when it was near mid-day. Not very pleasant letters, any of them, to judge by Madam's dark face. One was from Sidney at Homburg, imploring for assistance (which had not recently been sent him) in a piteou manner; two or three were rather urgent de-mands for the payment of private accounts of Madam's, rather long delayed; one was a pointe excuse from Frank Dallory and his sister for not accepting a dinner invitation. There was not a single pleasant letter amidst

"I wonder what Dick North means by "I wonder what Diok North means by staying away like this !—and leaving orders at Ticknell's that no checks are to be cashed!" growled Madam in self-soliloquy. "He ought to be here. He ought to force those miserable men of his back to work, whether they will or not. He's away; Athur's away; Sidney's away; and, with this uncertain state of things out-doors and trouble up the hears is worse then a dontrouble in, the house is worse than a dun geon. People seem to be getting shy of it: even Mary Dallory stays without the gates. That girl's an artfal firt: as Matilda said yesterday. If Arthur and Dick were back she'd come fast enough: I should like to know which of the two she most cares for. It is abound though, to speak of her in con-junction with Dick North. Dick North!

I nave no cotton," said Matilda, who lay back in a chair, reading. "What should bring cotton in a drawing-room?"

"Ah, well—I can bind a piece of the variegated grass round," said Mr. North with resignation. "I'm sorry to have troubled you, Matilda."

you, Matilda."
"And when you have disposed of your pesy,' I am coming to your parlor," said Madam.

Mr. North groaned as he went out. He Mr. North groaned as he went out. He knew what "coming to his parlor" meant—that his peace would be destroyed for the day. There were moments when he thought heart and mind and brain must alike give way under home worries and Madam's.

"When did this come?" inquired Madam, pointing to a letter that stood upright on the mantel-piece: one addressed to Richard

pointing to a letter that stood upright on the mantel-piece: one addressed to Richard North, in her son Arthur's handwriting.

"This morning," shortly answered Matilda, not looking up from her book.

"Yes, Arthur can write often enough to Dick. This is the second letter that has come for him within a week. What did you do with the other?" Madam broke off to ask.

"Pat it into Dick's room against he comes home."

"Put it into Dick's room against he comes home."

"But Arthur does not trouble himself to write to us, or to let us know aught of his movements," resumed Madam. "We have not had a syllable from him since he wrote word that old Bohun was dead. Is he still in London?—or at his aunt's—or where?" "I'm sure I don's know where," reto.ted Matilds, fractious at being interrupted.

Neither did she care. Madam turned the letter over in idle curiosity; but the postmark was illegible, not to be deciphered. Leaving it on the mantel piece, she went to

mark was illegible, not to be deciphered. Leaving it on the mantel-piece, she went to look after Mr. North. He stood on the lawn, doing something to a dwarf-tree of small and most beautiful roses. There was some wind to-day, and the skirts of his old coat waved a little in the breeze.

"Did you hear what I said—that I was coming to your parlor?" demanded Madam, swooping down upon him majestically. "Money must be had. I want it; Sidney wants it; the house wants it. I——"
Mr. North had straightened himself. Despera ion gave him a little courage.

pera ion gave him a little courage.

"I'd give it you if I had it. I have always given it you. But what is to be done when I have it not? You must see that it is not my fault, Madam."

is not my fault, Madam."
"I see that when money is needed it is your place to get it," coolly returned Madam. "Sidney cannot live upon air. He—"
"It seems to me that he lives upon gold."
"Not hinterwrited in a warnlow with Mr. North interrupted in a querulous voice "There's no end to it."

"Sidney must have money," equably went on Madam. "I must have it, for I purpose going away for a time. You will therefore—"

"Goodness me! here's the telegraph

This second interruption was also from This second interruption was also from Mr. North. Telegraphic messages were somewhat rare at Dallory Hall, and its master went into a fluster. His fears flew to his well beloved son, Dick. The messenger was coming up the broad walk, a despatch in his hand. Mr. North advanced to meet him; Madam sailing behind.

"It is for Captain Bohun, sir," spoke up the man passiving somewhat of Mr.

the man, pesserving somewhat of Mr. North's tremor. "For Captain Bohun?" interposed Ma-dam. "Where's it from?"

Motioning to the messenger to go to the house and get his receipt, she tore it open without the smallest ceremony, and read its

contents:

"Dr. Williams to Arthur Bohun, Esq. you to come up without delay.

Looking here, looking there, stood Ma-dam, her thoughts busy. Where could Ar-thur be? Why had he left London? "Do you know?" she asked roughly of Mr. North

"Know what, Madam?"
"Where Arthur Bohun is."

Mr. North started a little, "Why, how should I know?" he asked, "It's ever so long since Arthur wrote to me. He sends me mersages when he writes to Dick."

me mersages when he writes to Lives.

Madam swept in to the drawing-room
She took the letter from the mantel-piece Even Matilda's scruples were aroused at this.

Solution of the scruples were aroused at this.

Solution of the scruples were aroused at this.

Solution of the scruples were aroused at this. starting up and putting her hand over the letter. "Don't open that. It would not be

away, carried it to the window and read it from end to end. Matilda saw her face turn ghastly through its paint, as if with fright.
"Serves her right," thought the young lady. "Mamma, what is amiss?"

lady. "Mamma, what is amiss?"
Madam crumpled the letter into a ball of creases in her agitated hand; but no answer came from her white lips. Turning abruptly up the stairs, she locked herself into her chamber.

"She is in a passion of fright—whatever the cause may be," quoth Miss Matilda, in self soliloquy.

Ere the day closed, the household was

Ere the day closed, the household was called upon to witness Madam's sudden departure by train. See went alone: and gave not the slightest clue where she might be going, or when she would be back.

Matidia North had aptly worded the paroxysm: "a passion of fright." Madam was in both. For that rifled letter had given her the news of Arthur Bohun's present place of locality—and that he was by the side of Ellen Adair. What had become of Dook? the letter asked. He must make Junction with Dick North. Dick North! As well suppose she would take up with one of his workmen. I think I'll go off somewhere for awhile. Should it be true, this suspicion of fever, the place will not be safe. I shall want a handred pounds or two. And Sidney must have money. He says he'll do something desperate if I don't send it—but

the bas said that before. Confound it all!

Why does not gold grow upon trees?"

Madam's dress this morning was a striped like silk of amasing rustle and richness.

Letting it all out behind her, she went down the stairs and through the hall, sweeping the dust along in a little clond. Mr. North was not in his parlor: Madam went about, looking for him; sweeping still.

To her surprise she found him in the drawing-recen: it was not often he ventured into that exclusive place. He had a shabby leng coat or down to his heels, and a straw bat. Madam's scernful head went up fifteen fiether when she saw him there.

"What do you want?" she asked in a tone she see:

"I have come to beg a bit of cotton of mity yea;

In the room as an unwelcome stranger.

"I have come to beg a bit of cotton of mity yea;

In the room as an unwelcome stranger." Was Mr. North's snawer, showing some in his handand indeed it was only then he was prefring the request. "Thomas Hepburn's little boy is here, and I thought I'd give the child a poay."

"A poay!" mockingly repeated Madam, despising the homely term.

"I have no cotton," said Matilda, who lay lay the chair, reading. "What should bring cotton in a drawing-room?" "What should bring cotton in a drawing-room?"

**Houte fleet me the stripe. "A pony!" mockingly repeated Madam, despising the homely term.

"I have no cotton," said Matilda, who lay beging the homely term.

"I have no cotton," said Matilda, who lay lay the chair, reading. "What should bring cotton in a drawing-room?" The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clube may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Fremium steel Engraving) \$3.5.01 Two copies (4.00); Four copie

twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-officen if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different. Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procurs a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a farst on Philadelphia or New York, pagable to our order. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if oven this is not procursable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless your pay their charges. Always be save to hame your Post-office. County, and State, as EW IN4s MACHEINE Fremium. For Machine, price \$55. By remitting the difference of prometries and \$60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 33 Machine, price \$55. By remitting the difference of prometries and \$60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 33 Machine, price \$55. By remitting the difference of price. The lies may be made up conjointly, if desired, of The Post and the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

**Bamples of The Post will be sent for 8 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

***MENEY PETERSON & COO.

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

MRS. WOOD'S NEW STORY.

We commenced in THE POST of May 21st Mrs. Henry Wood's new story.

It is entitled

BESSY RANE; By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lyune," "George Canterbury's Will,"

de, de.

We think our readers will find BESSY RANE as powerfully written and deeply interesting as "George Canterbury's Will.",

The commencement of "Bessy Rane" is an excellent time to commence new subscriptions to THE POST. Our readers will oblige us by suggesting this to their neighbors and friends.

THE EUROPEAN WAR.

As we write this it is impossible to say whether in the recent battles near Metz the French or the Prussians gained on the whole the advantage. The French claim to have repulsed the Prussians and occupied their positions. The Prussians claim to have forced Basaine's army back upon Mets, where it is held in check by one of their corps, while the other two have the road opened before them to Paris, with only the smaller portion

of the French army in the way. A great battle is now predicted at Chalons, which already has been the scene of great conflicts. But such battles have a way of coming off at unexpected and unknown places, and probably it will be so in the

present case. Little is said yet of poace, for obvious reasons. For France to treat after her defeats, would be to acknowledge the superiority of Prussia; and only when completely overd could she be to do this. Even then it would be a hollow treaty-a mere truce for the recovery of strength and breath.

On the other hand, King William is said to have declared that he will treat only at Paris - and that his conditions are ... " His proclamation as Emperor of Germany; the transfer of Alsace with Strasburg to Baden; money compensation to Bavaria for her expenses; the deposition of Napoleon, and the enthronement of an Orleans Prince." Modest conditions these but of doubtful authenticity.

For our own part, we wish to see the future peace of Europe provided for, and the balance of power preserved—this latter being the principal security for the freedom of its various nations, and the preservation of that Diversity of character and institutions which is the chief promoter of a high and progressive civilization. And because we value these things, we hope to see the present war end without any very great advantage being obtained by either side. A war in which both France and Prussia should exhaust themselves without either conquering the other, and which should make both parties very cautious about entering upon another conflict, would probably be the best for the interests of Europe and of the world.

Now that any fool is thought good enough to send to Congress, we recomm the following beginning of a recent Academy address, as a suitable preface for the usual run of Congressional speeches: "It is rather difficult and pretty near impossible to communicate to others those ideas whereof we ourselves are not possessed."

Per Co

ARISTOCRACY.

Out of all the Ducal families of England, there are now only three older than the reignof Churks II., viz: Norfolk, Someret, and Hamilton. The modern peeragen owe their origin to auccessful legislatore, lawyers, statesmen, soldiers, saitors and merchants, with a very scant sprinkling of literary or seismidic men. The Earls of Radnor, Ducie, Pomfred, Tankersville, Coventry, Dudity. Romney, Ashburton, Fitzwilliam, and Carrington, with many modern ones, are descended respectively from a silk worker, a tailor, a merchant, a mercer, a jeweler, and tradesmen and manufacturers.

It is the great merit of the English peerage that it is not a close aristocracy. Its doors are always open to able and ambitious commoners. And this is why it endores. For it represents thus, to a reasonable degree, the natural aristocracy of the nation, and finds in the latter an ally interesting, and finds in the latter an ally interesting, and finds in the latter an ally interesting and find an all contains and finds in the latter an all interestin

able degree, the natural aristocracy of the nation, and finds in the latter an ally instead of an enemy. The same thing is true of France, and, if we are correctly informed, in a greater or less degree of all the aristocracies of Europe. They live by constantly absorbing into themselves the best strength and intellect of the whole nation, and thus maintain their claim to be, in fact, as well as in name, Aristocracies, or governments of the best.

BAYARD TAYLOR complains that the finest scenery on the Pacific Railroad is defaced by the advertisements of quacks. "At the Sherman Summit, along Green River, in Echo and Weber canons, in the Humbolds Palisades, wherever there are noble masses of rocks, you find them painted with the unclean shibboleth of the quack." Travellers will agree with him that the signs should be obliterated and their renewal prevented.

Those who defile the beautiful and romantic scenery of the land with the names of their nostrums, should be treated as they recently were by the commissioners of the Fairmount Park, in this city—made to undo their work by a course of laborious scour-ing. But every state should have a law interdicting such practices, while the territories should be protected by a law of Congress. Just to think of the Yo Semite Valley being invaded by the paintbrushes of these sacrilegious soundrels. They might as well defile the inner walls of our churches.

ANOTHER overwhelming misfortune has overtaken the British Empire. Musquitoes have, for the first time, appeared in Eugland. At Woolwich they are reported to be aiready "a pest."

Only about a week ago, a travelled friend of ours informed us how ignorant an English lady she met on the Continent was as to musquito-they had no knowledge in Eng land or Scotland of this musical little insect But now it seems they are to taste the fruit of the tree of knowledge in this respect, and become as wise as the rest of us. How could the musquito have got across the ocean? Has some perfidious Yankee, in revenge for the Alabama, carried the little innocents across the watery waste? This would be worse than teaching the English how to play base-ball. We cannot believe such a horrible revenge possible to mortal man. However it may have come to pass, if the musquito should now become perms nent and universal in England, then is the new world avenged upon the old.

THE Female Principals of the Grammar Schools of St. Louis have recently had their salaries raised from \$1,400 to \$2,000 per annum by a resolution of the Board of Education, making the salaries of the Principals of first-class schools uniform. The female Principals, two in number, have occupied their respective positions for sixteen years. A motion that none but males should be appointed principals was rejected.

The correct general rule is to pay ac cerding to value, irrespective of the fact whether they are men or women. They should not be paid less, or more, because they are women. But if men, owing to their scarcity, sometimes succeed in enforcing higher rates than are really fair and just, march, which was in all thirty-rix kilometers, should not be paid less, or more, because that is no reason that the wages of women should be raised to the same unfair grade.

AT the yacht regatta at Newport, Tues day, the English yacht Cambria came in first in a race with 16 yachts, but in the corrected time allowances the Magic was declared victor, the Cambria being second.

Our English friends build very excellent yachts-but we build better, it would seem. We still hold the "Queen's Cup," which we have now held for twenty years. England no longer "rules the wave" as to quality, even if she does as to quantity.

The Langham Hotel in London has

The Langham Hotel in London has its staircase abundantly decorated with the monogram of the hou-e—a large H intertwined with a very small L—causing a witty American lady to suggrest that the large letters were the H's which the English residents have dropped while going up stairs.

27 The development of the Illinois coal fields is asserted to be due to a farmer near Springfield, who thought that such a country could not be destined by Providence to be without fuel. "The wood is nearly gone," said he to himself, "and there must be coal." In this almost whimsical faith he sunk a shaft one hundred and sixty feet, and then shaft one hundred and sixty feet, and then now mining to the amount of \$2700 per

The Circinnati Commercial thinks the census the most severe epidemic that has general position of the camp to the pitching ever visited the country. It has swept off of each individual tent, was conducted with

175,000 in Chicago alone.

The physician in London has invented an electrical machine with which he can make the human body entirely transparent. The propulation mixed freely with the soldiers, the puts you between him and the light, and then he can examine your interior as plainly as if you were made of glass. You have the stomachache, say. The doctor lights you up, sees that ache fooling around in there among your works, and then he goes for it.

The propulation mixed freely with the soldiers are learning the ar farming in the Michigan Agricultural lege, and it is announced, as a remark case of endurance, that they work in improvements, or taking the management of the pot. Boiling and stewing seemed to be the only recognized systems of preparing the rations. They looked at the fuel (wood) for

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH, for August, contains several excellent articles. Published by Wood & Holbrook, 13 and 15 Laight St., New York.

THE JOURNAL OF THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE. Devoted to Science and the Mechanic Arts. Editors, Prof. Henry Morton, Ph. D. and W. H. Wahl, Ph. D. For August. Published by the Frankin Institute at their Hall, Philada.

THE OLD GUARD. Hall, Philada.

THE OLD GUARD. A Monthly Magazine.

Published by Van Evrie, Horton & Co., New

Hall, Philada.

THE OLD GUARD. A Monthly Magazine. Published by Van Evric, Horton & Co., New York.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL. Fighting against Wrong, and for the Good, the True, and the Beautiful. August, 1870. Published by Sewell & Miller, Chicago, Ill.

THE MIRROR OF TYPOGRAPHY. For Juce. Tols number contains a copy of Measure. L. Prang & Co.'s Chrome, illustrating Whittier's Barefoot Boy. It is printed in colore, from sine plates, and is quite like the original. Published by T. H. Senor & Co., 6 and 7 Sun Building, New York.

AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE. By Miss DICKENS, daughter of Charles Dickens. Published by T. B. Peterson & Broa., Philadelphia. Said to be quite interesting.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. The September number contains admetus; The Story of the Sapphire; By Steam and Paddle to Manitoba; About Dogs; Bir Harry Hotspur, of Humblethwaite, part V.; Mexican Reminiscences, part I.; A Pilgrimage; The House of Pennypacker & Son; Wait's from Field, Camp and Garrison; Ou the Hypothosis of Evolution, Physical and Metaphysical, part III.; A Glimpse of Quebec; My Story; Errata; Our Monthly Gosvip; Literature of the Day, &c. "Admetus" is a poem in blank verse, by Euma Lazarus—a version of the old Greek story. It is finely versified; and proves we have another poet among as Lucy Hooper's story is far above the aversige. The other articles also are good. "Lippincott" is improving with age—which we are glad to see. The "Atlantic" must look to its laurels. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE GALAXY for September. This enterprising magazine contains its usual assortment of good things, Among the atories we notice the "Album of the Regiment," from the French of Edmond About; "Lady Judish," by Justin McCarthy; and the continued story called "Overland." There is also an article entitled "Three Women," by Richard Grant White; and one upon Temperaments, by T. M. Coan, M. D. Mark Twain has his department, as usual. Altogether an excellent number. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

How the French Soldier Marches,

A correspondent of the New York Tribun

A correspondent of the New York Tribune speaking of the French soldiery says:

I described in my last how a division of the French army marched out of Strasbourg; the same morning a regiment of Zouaves, belonging to the Algerian army, arrived at that place; a second regiment of Zouaves and one of Turcos were expected as I left. I wished to see how the division that had left in the morning would look after its march; so I took the train for Haguenau, which lies twenty miles north of Strasbourg. The division had been roused at midnight—I enter into details because I believe the present a good instance of how marches are made in France—to brow its coffee; the French have messes of six, one of whose members fetches water, while another lights the fires &c; but although they were thus early astir, they did not, following their own account, commence the march until two, and could not really have got under way until four, from the hour they passed my hotel.

They marched until nine and one-half.

or about twenty-three miles. They said they had done this by two o'clock, but at any rate their rearguard and stragglers were seen by me coming in at three and one-half, and the camp was at that time nearly pitched. The stragglers were tired, foot-sore, and often galled. In many cases little boys ran by their side carrying their Chassepots. I was not surprised at seeing dozens of fatigued men; the day had been extraordinarily hot, the weight carried by each man was at the the weight carried by each man was at the lowest estimation of twenty-five kilogram-mes, or fifty pounds, and the distance, twen-ty-three miles, had been effected in ten or eleven hours. I saw enough to show me that, as we read, Frenchmen can and will make long marches under excessive weights, but I also saw that this is not done with that fabulous case of which we have heard so much. The horses of the artillery looked fresh and beany; twenty-three miles pull over good roads was nothing to them. The division had reared their tents in a

sedgy meadow, by the banks of a sluggish stream. It was a convenient camping-ground, but although the drought had done much to atream. It was a convenient camping ground, but aithough the drought had done much to dry what must be in winter a snipe-walk the ground was not such a: a Sanitary Commission would look on with approving eyes.

Many of the men were bathing, more were contented with washing their feet, examining and altering the position of the strips of lines which several of them had substitured for stockings. Others were sousing their clothes in the brook, while the cultime was being attended to by at least one of each mess. Everything, from the selection of the

each mess being carefully weighed out by the subordinates of the Intendance, or they coaxed the mer be take to pieces the Chassepot for their inspection, and listened to the prodigious yarus which each marksman span of his prowess at 1,300 yards, the longest range for which the waspon is sighted. The red trowsers of the men, most of whom had doffed their coats; the blue blonses of the civilians, the country coatunes of the Alastian paysanges, all mixed and jumbled accepter among the white little tents that dotted the green fields from which the hay had been removed—those together combined to turn a quiet, cheerful country scene into one of the most animated and picturesque earns it has been my lot to witness.

The associations of the French soldier with peasant life are too intimate to permit him to feel at all out of place when throws a among a rural population, and amid the yellow corn-fields which now call for the sickle, and more backward hop crop, which occupies a large share of Alastion cultivation; nor is he likely out of ignorance or wantonness to enter the unfenced fields where the wheat has not been cuit, or to trample on or injure the growing crops; he seems stranger and more curious when in the towns he gazes upon the vast cathedral of Strasbourg, or the quieter but still handsome Church of Haguenau, which he is apparently fond of doing with an appreciation and a reverence of manner that might shame many a British tourist.

In all that I witnessed I was struck with

In all that I witnessed I was struck with In all that I witnessed I was struck with the self-sustaining powers of the French soldier and of his equipments; there was but little baggage, save that transported by the men themselves; each mees was complete for all purposes of camping and tentage; it carried its house, its kitches, its magazine, and its three days' larder. It does not wait to cettle down until huge trains of baggage-animals have come in, but wherever six French soldiers find themselves they are ready to fight until their ninety rounds of Chassepot ammunition are exhausted, to cook, or to sleep. The price paid for this independence of baggage-trains is that the French soldier himselt becomes a beast of burden.

POSTSCRIPT.

The War in Europe.

A battle, lasting nine hours, was fought on Thursday between Gravelotte and Resonville, resulting in the total rout of the French army, which was forced back to Mets, and the cutting off of all communication between that city and Paris.

There is a rumor of fighting at Chalons, but nothing official has been received from there.

The Census.

FROM THE LONDON PUNCH.

A People's Bill, the Census Bill, has bee

A People's Bill, the Census Bill, has been passing through Committee in the House of Commons. Members tried to enlarge its scope, and make the information it is to produce rather more amusing; but not with much success, the House rejecting proposals to persuade us all, on a certain day in the month of April next, to confide to the Registrar General to what religious community we belong; whether we have married our first cousin; how many rooms there are without windows in our house, &c.

It appears to Mr. Punch that an excellent opportunity of obtaining a large mass of valuable statistical facts, bearing on the prosperity and national resources of the country, is likely to be lost for another ten years; and he, therefore, suggests to the House of Lords the propiety of their introducing into the Bill, when it comes before them, some such list of questions as the following, the answers to which would prove far more interesting than mere commonplace everyday details of name, age, sex, profession, or occupation, relation to head of famity, &c.:—

1. Are you engaged?

1. Are you engaged?
2. What tooth-powder do you use?
3. Does your mother-in-law reside under your roof; and do you find this arrangement

conducive to domestic happiness?

4. Do you keep Christmas?

5. Are you on friendly terms with your wife's relations? State the number of meals they have taken in your house during the

How many false teeth have you? 7. Are you homeopath, allopath, hydro-path, thermopath, or Turcobath? 8. Which of the many kinds of cocoa do you prefer?

you prefer?

9. What allowance do you make your wife; and does she make it do?

10. Do you wash by the piece or the year?
11. How often in the week last preceding the 2d of April, 1871, had you cold meat for 12. What number of servants do you keep and how many times have you changed then during the last three months? What are your arrangements with them as to tea, sugar, beer, their own washing, and the area-gate? Do you allow followers?

13. Are you troubled with black beetles and what have you found to be the most of

and what have you found to be the most efficacious means of destroying them?

14. How many poor relations have you?

15. What cough lozenges do you employ?

16. Were you married by banns or license? How many bridesmaids added to the expense? What was the duration of your courtehip? Where did you spend your honeymoon; and how long did it last?

17. Do you take snoff?

Do you take spuff 18. Is the hair you wear all your own?

18. Is the hair you wear all your own?

This question is not compulsory on ladies.)

19. Which daily paper do you read?

20. Do you belong to the Civil Service upply Association?

Supply Association?
21. Have you any expectations from wealthy relatives?
22. Do you wear screwed boots?

23. Do you suffer from indigestion 24. Are you a smoker; and which do you prefer, a pipe or a cigar?
25. Are you High Church, Low Church, Broad Church, Narrow Church, Fast Church, Siow Church, or No Church?

26. Have you ever visited Sir John Soane's 27. Do you take engar in your tea?

Eight girls are learning the art of farming in the Michigan Agricultural College, and it is announced, as a remarkable case of endurance, that they work in the field three hours due the surpose at the source. field three hours a day the same as the young

To ANGLERS. To properly bring up

Discipline of the Prussian Army. The Berlin correspondent of the New York Evening Post gives us some interesting facts about the curious drait of the Prussian troops. He says:

The discituline and desily roution of exercise of the Prussian army is to all foreigners appropriate of the Prussian army is to all foreigners.

a source of never-ending wonder. The early morning is devoted to cleaning ("policing") a source of uever-ending wonder. The early morning is devoted to cleanaing ("policing") the quarters, and correcting any irregularities which may have arises out of the previous day's duties. Later in the forence in the hours are given to study—arithmetic, geography, geometry, theory and practice of military science; and even auging is not neglected. Great importance is attached to the studies of the soldiers, and on attaining a certain advancement in knowlege, each one, after satisfactory examination, can ehorten his term of service from one to two years. In the afternoon of each day the bodily culture is attended to, and this consists not only of purely military drill, but also of every variety of physical exercise calculated to add either strength or supplements to the human form—running, leaping, vaniting, balancing, bayonet exercise, lifting, shooting, bending, altogether such an incumerable variety of movements that no muscle of the body is without its daily exercise.

These "sound" drills are followed by com-

muscle of the body is without its daily exercise.

These "squad" drills are followed by company and regimental parasies, and at short intervals by grand field movements of brigades and divisions, and these once or twice a year by grand army movements with mock battles. I have not been fortunate enough to witness any of the grand tectics, but the exercises is detail, by company, battalion, squadron, or battery, and in particular the artillery movements seem to me to be as mear perfection as patience and practice can make them. All this perfection of preparatory knowledge and practice must, of course, have its weight on the struggle of actual war, but if there is any ground for doubt as to the power of the tierman militia, would it lie in the too great reliance which is here placed on solentific knowledge and consequent distrust of a quick common sense, which is not too overburdened with acquired wisdom?

THE MARKETS.

FI.OUR - 7000 bbls at \$2.35,5.75 for superdine; \$6.08,35 for extra; \$4.756,75 for Sor superdine; \$6.08,35 for extra; \$4.756,75 for Northwest tamily; \$4.756,75 for the family, and \$6.99 bbls for family, and \$6.99 bbls for family, and \$6.99 bbls for family, and \$6.90 bbls for family, \$6.90 bbls, \$6.90 bbls for family, \$6.90 bbls, \$6.90 bb

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS, The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2700 head. The prices realized from 81% 90% of w B. 150 Cowe brought from \$45 to 75 \$\text{\$\tex{\$\text{\$\text{\$\text{\$\text{\$\text{\$\text{\$\text{\$\text{\$\text{\$

Economical Househovping.

We have now before us a circular published by the Sea Moss Farine Co., which we advise every one who takes an interest in the food question to read. It describes, concisely, the origin and uses of the edible SEA Moss Farine, and presents an array of scientific and other testimony in its favor which can hardly fail to convince the most ekeptical of its paramount claims as an conomic, wholesome, digestible eminently nutritions, and very pleasant addition to the national costs. This at least is the conclusion at which many of the most eminent hotel keepers, artistic cooks, physicians, chemists, merchants, &c. of New York, have arrived, and they state their of New York, have arrived, and they state their opinions on the subject over their own signatures, in the pamphic to which we silude,

Interesting to Ladies

"I have sewed more or less on six different ma-chines, and prefer the Grover & Baker to all the others put together, for if I had all the others I should still want a Grover & Baker, and having it I don't want any other. My work is said to be supe rior to work done by efficient operators on the Sin ger and Whoeler & Wilson machines."-Julia F Brown, Crawfordsville, Ind.

Another Mystery Solved.

Chemists being unable to discover the ingredients in fragrant Sozopowy, which removes all stains from the teeth and imparts such a peculiar rosiness to the preparation from the back of the Quillaya Saponna ris or Soap Tree of Chill, imported for the first tim into this country for this special purpose. Such is the purifying and innocuous effect of this rare botanical agent, that it removes discolorations from the wost fregile textile fabrics, without injuring a

Save and mend the pieces, use "Spatiotse's Grug."

Repecially Consumptives, will find the water and baths at the Conorges Spring, Congress Hall, Shel-don, Vt., under the care of Dm. S. S. Fitter, of 714 Broadway, New York, one of the best curatives of Throat, Lung, Stomach, Kidney and Skin Diseases, Rhenmatiem and Cancers. A cure usually effected in four to sixteen weeks. Climate life-giving, better than Minnesota or Florida. Congress Hall, the excellent hotel, open all the year. Board excellent and cheap. For particulars, references and rooms, apply personally or by letter to S. S. F. CARLISLE, Con Hall, Sheldon, Vermont.

YOUR OWN SOAP

ASIATIC CHOLERA. CHOLERA MORBUS

FEVER AND AGUE, CURED AND PREVENTED BY BADWAY'S READY BELIEF, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA,

DUTHERIA

SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING, BY RADWAYS BEADY RELIEF.

Pain instantly removed; all scale, inflammatory, maintions or infretions diseases prevented and ex-terminated. The weak, feeble, and persons restored to strength, vigor, and sound health by the use of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. One hottle will do more good, cure more complaints, and keep the stomach more clear and healthy than \$10 spent for

BOWEL COMPLAINTS. Louerness, districts, choiers morbus, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fitteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congretion or inflammation, no weakness or las-No congestion or inflammation, no weakness situde will fullow the use of the R. B. Relief.

ACRES AND PAINS. For beadachs, whether sick or nervous; rhemma-tism, lumbage, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys, pains around the liver, piceriay,

will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Bold by druggists, and at No. 87 Maiden Lane.

Diseases that progress rapidly to a crisis are not the only ones to be dreaded. Canker or dry rot does not blast a tree as suddenly as a stroke of lightning, but unless arrested, it destroys it as certainly; and in like manner chronic debility, although it does in like manner chronic deality, amongs is emnot kill with the swiftness of yellow fever, is as sure
to say the springs of life eventually as any scule
disease, if not checked by invigorating medication.
There is something inexpressibly touching in the
spectacle of premnure decay. Languar, paller,
emaciation, depression of spirits, and a distance for be promptly mot by tonic treatment. The best invigorant sud exhibitant that can be administered in
a case of this hind is HOHTETTER'S STOMACH
BITTERS. The stimulating principle of the preparation rouses the dominant energies of the system,
and the strengthening and regulating properties
give a permanent and healthful is pulse to the vital
forces thus brought into play. The failing apposite
is re-awakened, the process of digestion and assimitation are quickened, the quality of the blood is
improved, the secretions become more natural, and
every organ that contributes to the nearthbrash of
the body undergoes salutary change. By these
means the repair of the physical structure is effected
and its health and vigor restored. In no class of
discares has the beneficient operation of the Bittern
been more marked and striking than in those characterized by general debility and nervous prostration. Ladies affected with these aliments find in this
most wholesome of all tunics and correctives the
safest and enrest means of relief. It is strong to
restore and powerless to injure, Such is the uniform
testimony of "clouds of winnesses."

ang-41 vigorant and exhibitant that can be administered in

What Did It?—Lyon's Kathairon made my hair soft, luxuriant and thick, and Hagun's Magnolia Balm changed that sallow complexion into the marble beauty you now see. This is emphatically the language of all who use these articles. A fine head of hair and a redued complexion are the greatest attractions a woman can possess. The Kathairon and Magnolia Balm are just what will give them to you, and nothing else will. The Balm is the bloom of youth. It makes a lady of thirty appear but twenty. Both articles are entirely harmless, but twenty. Both articles are entirely harmless, and very pleasant. They should be in every lady's

Psychomancy, Pascination, or Soul Charming, 400 pages cloth. Full instructions to use Charming, 400 pages cloth. Full instructions to use this power over men, or animals at will, how to mes-meriza, become trance, or writing mediums, Divi-nations, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Omena and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem, Guide to marriage, &c., all contained in this book, 100,000 copies sold. Agents wanted. For particu-lars address, with postage, to T. W. Evans & Co., 41 nouth 8th st., Philadelphia, Pa. m) 81-6m

Important Notice.—All Soldiers and Sali-ors who have lost an arm or leg in the service—or since on account of wonds or is juries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 158 South Seventh st., Philadelphia, Honant S. Lazous & Co.,



MARRIAGES.

Marriage notices must always be accompanied

On the 15th of May, by the Rev. Wm. Mr. Daniel Stack to Miss Ation Buckley this city.
On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Jos. Moson, Mr.
John E. Sinchara to Mos Lizza E. Andrason, both
of the city. of thirecity.
On the hit metant, by the Rev. Dr. Blackwood, Mr.
Hanny C. Staos to Miss Massis J. Molekku, both
of this city.
On the 7th of July, by the Rev. T. W. Simpers,
Mr. Christonian Surams to Miss Susan N. Chair
and, both of this city.

BEATHS.

Notices of Deaths must always be accompa-

On the 16th instant, Joanson Stermison, a. of di-On the 16th instant, Capt. Jonas Strathan, is ble 15th instant, Mr. WILLIAM H. DILLIONE, On the 15th instant, SANUEL Fox, Sr., in his 91-t year.
On the 14th instant, James D. Monnow, Sr., in his 78th year. 78th year.
On the 14th instant, THOMAS BRANSON, Jr., in his 28th year.
On the 15th instant, SARAH, wife of John Wilght, in her 6th year.
On the 12th instant, William H. Hancocks, aged 35 years. On the 13th instant, Mr. Sanuel Clymen, in 11s

200000

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See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents

LITTLE AND BIG.

The child is father to the man." - Wordsworth

Excuse me for turning my nose up.
At sight of this paradox wild:
I assert that no son ever grows up.
A bit like his father the child.

Just observe what mammas, among others, Declare of nine babies in ten, They are "sweet, pretty things," cry the

They are "sweet, precy mothers.
Well, where are the sweet pretty men? Then the babes, as a rule, are " so clever, They notice whatever takes place. Do they make men of intellect? Never;

At least, such is rarely the case I myself was a genius—a beauty— l'ast rivalry many degrees:— llas my father's own son done his duty? Just look at me none, if you please!

The Hindu Scriptures.

A learned Hindu, Babu Keshub Chunder See, is at present in England. He belongs to the section of the Hindu community which represents the physician caste. As an orphan he went to an English school, and afterwards he went to an Eoglish school, and afterwards to a Calcutta college, where he gained a full knowledge of the English language, litera-ture, and history, with which it was impos-sible he could remain in idolatry. Early in his career he therefore learned to despise the worship of idols, and by degrees, by thought and prayer, he came to believe in the One God. He then joined the party which is known in Lower India as the Brahmo Somaj (Church of God.). After a short time he be-(Church of God.) After a short time be be-came the head of the Reforming party which has now arisen in Hengal. The move-ment is leavening Hindu society, especially among the middle classes. It was impossible for these reformers to remain idolators, and at present they consist of two classes—the Rationalistic and Theistic. Mr. Sen believes in pure Theism, but he does not ignore the teachings of Christ and His disciples.

ent sermon delivered by him is England, the service commenced by an inrocation to the Divine Being, and singing by a choir, after which Mr. Sen read several selections from the Hindu, Jewish, Ma-hometan, and Parsee Scriptures, with a hometan, and Parsee Scriptures, with a view, we presume, of showing the similarity of their moral teaching. Another hyun was sung, followed by a short but impressive prayer, and Mr. Sen then said he should take a the basis of his discourse, two texts-one m the Indian and one from the Christian riptures: "As the bee gathereth from all from the increase. "As the begathereth from an flowers, so the truly wise receive truth from all Scriptures great or small," "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respector of persons; but in every nation be that fear Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him." We take the following extracts from the discourse:

Many Christians had accused his country men of teaching idolatry. He admitted there was a great deal of idolatry in India; but if they turned to the early books of the Hindu Scriptures, they would find a state-ment to the effect that those objects which were worshipped by men were not the true objects of Desty. Those early writings posi-Lively asserted that the Lord our God is and there is no other God but one. I passage most clearly protested against finite objects which were worshipped India. Between that statement and ects which were worshipped in passage in our Old Testament—"Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God is one Lord"— there was no difference; both were true; both taught the same God, and that He is one. In Hindustan was the system of caste, which created barriers between man and man, and woman and woman. It set up a man, and woman and woman. It set up the of demarcation between sect and sect and race and race. But men whose hearts were catholic looked upon all as their kinsmen. The Hiddu books were inimical to caste; and though caste had sprung up and had proved most mischievous and injurious to the physical and moral interests of the yet there was a statement calling to look upon one another as brethnilar statements were to be found the Christian Scripturer. Some admitted | dress.

there was Theirm in India, and that there were doctrines teaching brotherbood; but arged that there was no pure theology in such books. He believed that pure Their-tic morality was to be found in Hindu Scriptures, and a few passages from them would convince his hearers that that was true and indubitable. The Christian Scriptures said the state of the second order. indubitable. The Christian Horiptures said
"Whatsoeveryedo, do all to the glory of God;"
and it was said in the Hindu Boripture
"That the household should do everything
to the glory of God; he should give to God
all his works." That showed that in our
domestic life every work we did must be
done to the glory of God. That was the
highest aim of our existence. What did we
live for in this world? Was it that we might
worship God cope in the course of the week. live for in this world? Was it that we might worship God once in the course of the week, and give a portion of our life and love? No; but that every duty we did might be to the glory of God, whether it were eating or drinking, whether engaged in philanthropy or patriotism, in the reading of books or the acquiring of riches—everything was to be done in the name of God and to His glory. Thus the Christian Scriptures harmonized with the Hindu Scripture. Trath monised with the Hindu Scripture. Truth was valued above all things in the Hindu Scriptures; truth was God, truth was the only eternal prayer, truth was the only reli-Scriptures; truth was God, truth was the only eternal prayer, truth was the only religious ceremony, truth was the only eternal Scripture. It had been said "that the highest kind of love was not to be found in the Hindu books—that love to God was inculated but not the highest kind of love to man. That there was no true philanthropy, no forgiveness; that the love to an enemy was a doctrine not preached in India, that it was only to be found in the Christian Scripture." There was in the Hindu Scripture, be said, a passage, the sublimity of which he had never been able thoroughly to grasp. It said, "When an enemy comes to your house, show him the utmost hospitality; for the tree does not deny its shade to the man who fells it." When a man cut down a tree, he continued to enjoy the shade which it afforded even whilst engaged in the work of destruction. So should a man treat his enemy. He should show hospitality, he should continue to give protection to the man. Even when another was trying to destroy us, we should not keep from him our loving kindness and hospitality. In the pistic to the Romans we are told to be not overcome of evil, but to overcome evil with good. A similar passage was given in the Hindu Boripture, "Conquer anger with overcome of evil, but to overcome evil with good. A similar passage was given in the litted Scripture, "Conquer anger with kindness; conquer malevolence with kindness; conquer untruth with truth," We were not told to return anger for anger—not to follow the law of retaliation, "Au eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." Both passages breathed the same spirit—the sublime surit of foreigness and universal love. spirit of forgiveness and universal love Some complained that the Hindu Scripture taught dry and hard moral duty, but that there was no tenderness. His opinion was that they overflowed with tenderness and Love to God in all its fulness was to be found in the Hindu books. They taught that the Lord that dwells within our hearts is dearer to us than all things else, and that he who wishes to worship God must worshi Him not as an abstraction, not as an intel-lectual duty, but as a God to be loved, a God who is dear to us. We must worship Him as some one dearer to us than son, or father, as some one dearer to us than son, or father, or mother, or our best friends on earth; dearer than inxuries or anything in the world. We were not to believe that God's spirit was a sort of abstraction, having nothing to do with the arrangements of the world or the destinies of its inhabitants; but that the Lord regulates the physical machinery of the universe; that the same God is to us our friend, our Saviour, our preserver, and our friend, our Saviour, our preserver, and our protector; and if we wish to draw near to liim, we must worship Him with our hearts, and not merely with the understand-

It is a curious fact that musical sounds fly farther and are heard at a greater distance than those which are more loud and noisy. If than those which are more loud and noisy. If we go on the outside of a town during a fair, at the distance of a mile, we hear the musical instruments; but the din of the multitude, which is so overpowering in the place, can scarcely be heard, the noise dying on the spot. To those who are conversant with the power of musical instruments the following observation will be understood: The vio-lins made at Cremona about the year 1600 are superior in tone to any of a later date, are scening to discusses them of their roles. are superior in tone to any of a later date, age seeming to dispusses them of their noisy qualities, and leaving nothing but the pure tone. If a modern violin is played by the side of one of those instruments it will appear much the loudest of the two; but on receding a hundred paces, when compared with the Amati, it will scarcely be heard. The voice of man is endowed with purity of the side of the tone in a higher degree than an vocal animals; by which, in a state of nature, it enables him to communicate with his fellow at a distance very remote. Provi-dence has bestowed upon children a power of voice, in proportion to their size, ten times greater than that of the adult. In a state of nature this serves them as a defence and protection; for it is well known that children have, by their cries, alarmed and kept off the attacks of the most furious

Strength of character consists of two things—power of will and power of self-re-straint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence—strong feelings and strong command over them. Now it is here we make a great mistake; we mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake— because he has his will obeyed, and his own way in all things—we call him a strong man. The truth is, that is the weak man, it is his passions that are strong; he, mastered by them is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feel-ings he subdues, not by the power of those mps as sucques, not by the power of snose which subdue him. And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we never see a man receive a flagrant insult, and only grow a little pale and then never success quietly? That is a man envirtually That is a man spiritually reply quietly strong. Or, did we never see a man in an-guish stand, as if carved out of solid rock, mastering himself? Or one hearing a hope-less daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what cankered his bome pe That is strength. He who, with strong passions, remains chaste; he who, keenly sensi tive, with manly powers of indignation in him, can be provoked and yet re-train himself, and forgive—these are the strong men, the spiritual heroes.

the Queen of Denmark is reported to spend only one hundred dollars a year on

MY SESTEM'S SLEEP.

BY DANTE ROSSETTI.

She fell asleep on Christmas Eve: At length the long ungranted shade Of weary eyelids overweighed The pain naught else might yet relieve.

Our mother, who had leaned all day Over the bed from chime to chime, Then raised herself for the first time, And as she sat her down did pray.

Her little work-table was spread With work to fluish. For the glare Made by her candle, she had care To work some distance from the bed.

Without, there was a cold moon up, Of winter radiance sheer and this; The bollow halo it was in Was like an loy crystal cup

Through the small room, with subtle sound Of flame, by vents the fireships drove And reddened. in its dim alcove The mirror shed a clearness round.

I had been sitting up some nights, And my tired mind felt weak and blank; Like a sharp strengthening wine it drank The stillness and the broken lights. Twelve struck. That sound, by dwindling

years
Heard in each hour, crept off; and then
The ruffled silence spread again,
Like water that a pebble stirs.

Our mother rose from where she sat: Her needles, as she isid them down, Met lightly, and her silken gown Settled: no other noise than that. Glory unto the Newly-bern!'

So, as said angels, she did say; Because we were in Christmas Day, Though it would still be long till morn Just then in the room over us

There was a pushing back of chairs, As some one who had sat unawates So late, now heard the hour, and rose. With anxious softly-stepping haste, Our mother went where Margaret lay, Fearing the sounds o'erhead—should they Have broken her long-watched-for rest!

She stooped an instant, calm, and turned; But suddenly turned back again; And all her features seemed in pain With woe, and her eyes gazed and yearned.

For my part, I but hid my face, And held my breath, and spoke no w There was none spoken; but I heard The silence for a little space.

Our mother bowed herself and wept And both my arms fell, and I said, "God knows I knew that she was dead."
And there, all white, my sister slept.

Then kneeling, upon Christmas morn, A little after twelve o'clock, We said, ere the first quarter struck; Christ's bicseing on the newly born!"

The Loves of Famous Men.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A.

EDWARD GIBBON

EDWARD GIBBON.

Once rummaging those pleasant boxes of old books which line the quays of Paris opposite the Academy, and which certainly offer the best returns for any careless digging, and down towards the Quai Conti, where Yorick bought his gloves from the famous griestle, the writer of these papers came on a little moroccu-bound almanac interleaved. It had belonged to some royalist family, and was full of interesting addresses, such as that of Target the lawyer and othors. Among them, however, was one of special Among them, however, was one of special interest—that of Mademoiselle Curchod, then interest—that of Mademoiselle Curchod, then tiving close to Geneva. The name of this young lady—an obscure Swiss parson's daughter—gave the little book all its interest. For she was to become celebrated—first, as the early love of Edward Gibbon, when he was merely a clever young man travelling, or pursuing diligently his studies for the great book which was to make him famous; later, as the wife of a real statesman, Necker; presently, on account of her own brilliancy, accomplishments, and sterling virtues, the laithful admiring wife and clever writer; and lastly, as the mother of a daughter far more famous—the restless, balfmore manly, and brilliant observer, Malame de Stael. These are substantial claims to no-tice. Yet she belongs to a class of characters who are not at all conspicuous, and ters who are not at all conspicuous, and whose name, rather than life, is familiar to the popular mind. But by a careful reader and student they are considered with extraordinary respect, on the grounds of weight and of worth; and the eye that follows the strange chaos of the Revolution, and the frenzy which seemed to sweep away all honor and principle, settles with satisfaction on this mane of a true woman—calm firm. on this image of a true woman—calm, firm, gentle, beloved by all who had the happiness of knowing her. It is to be regrested that, like other remarkable ladies of her day, she did not leave detailed memoirs of her life; for her history would have been a

perfect romance.

The figure of Gibbon is very familiar to us from the black profile usually found at the beginning of his collected works. The testimony of foreigners as well as of English-mea, both, contemptuously enough, prove its accuracy. To corroborate it further, its accuracy. To corroborate it further, there is the well-known story of the b ind French old lady and Charles Fox's coarse lines, beither of which testimonics could be well produced here. Yet this great man was a lover—a lover when be was old as well as when he was young. The style of his letters was always pedantic and like a page of his History, and the result proved that he was not what is called a successful lover.

The story of his early life is well known; his conversion to the Catholic religion, and

his conversion to the Catbolic religion, and his expatriation by his father to Switzer-land, to be placed under the care of a divine there, who was to reconvert him. Change of scene, and perhaps an absence of sen-cerity, made the task not difficult; and the tutor was soon able to report that grace and conviction had done their work. How suc-cessful that labor had been, a famous chapter in his History was presently to show; but those were times when infidelity was held to be harmless compared with what were though?

and being known as "an Anglois of fortune"—crowds of whom were then overrunning Europe under the charge of "bear-leaders," a subject which Sterne was to choose presently for a sermon—was taken much notice of. His extraordinary information and studiousness was another recommendation. Not very far away there was a little village up in the mountains that separated the Pays de Vaud from Burgundy, and there a humble clergyman looked after a more humble flock. The learned convert, who soon made his acquaintance, could praise his gifts in a phrase that reads very much like a note out of his Roman History. "His profession did not extinguish the philosophy and moderation of his temper;" a strange sort of compliment, pleasantly in keeping with the satiric veia of this prefound writer. The clergyman's wife was a French lady, to whom the young student was more galiant, saying that she had preferred her religion to her country—having, in short, been obliged to quit France through the severity of the penal laws.

But this pair bad a daughter Susanne.

enal laws.

But this pair bad a daughter Susanne She seems to have been a charming person; and her later career showed that the young man at that time was at least as well able to judge of human character in real life as he was when he had to decide on its eld incomplete manifestation in books. She used

he was when he had to decide on its old incomplete manifestation in books. She used occasionally to pay a short visit to her friends, and come across the mountains to Lausanne; and she left behind her every mouth filled with the praises of the wit, beauty, and erudition of the clergyman's daughter. Young Mr. Gibbon soon heard of this prodigy, and became outlons to see her. He was presently introduced, and was quite captivated by her.

Not many years later a Frenchman—Suard—met Mr. Gibbon, and described him in rather a malignant fashion. Leaving a margin for ill-nature, it must be accepted as tolerably accurate. "The root of Mr. Gibbon's nose seems to be sunk deeper into his forehead than ever Calmuck's was; and the simpeless trunk of his body, with its stomach of Bilsnus, rests on a pair of spindleshanka." His blemishes had not of course been developed at this time, but were in posse, as it were. But the young lady that attracted him had many charms. He himself gave a graceful and illustrative description of her attractions. He found her learned without pedantry, lively in conversation, pure in her sentiments, and elegant in her manners. graceful and illustrative description of her attractions. He found her learned without pedantry, lively in conversation, pure in her sentiments, and elegant in her manners. The young slees was fascinated. "I saw her," he says, "and loved." His "first sudden emotion" was fortified by the habits and knowledge of a more familiar acquaintance. His advances were encouraged. From mere meetings at Lausanne, it came to formal visits at her father's modest little parsonage over the mountains at Crassey. He looked back to these as very happy days. The father and mother honorably "encouraged the connection." "In a calm retirement," says Mr. Gibbon in his stately historic way, as though he were describing the Empress

says Mr. Gibbon in his stately historic way, as though he were describing the Empress Heleens, "the gay vanity of youth no longer fluttered in her bosom. She listened to the voice of truth and passion, and he might venture to hope that he had made some impression on a virtuous heart."

Mr. Gibbon pursued his studies for a year or two longer, still speaking "in the voice of truth," and was then summoned home to Eugland by his father. If some supernatural "return" could be ordered and made as to the various typical incidents of human life and character, it would be found that the conditions are about the same; the result

as to the various typical incidents of human life and character, it would be found that the conditions are about the same; the result repeats itself in millions of incidents. Here was Mr. Gibbon, with his "voice of truth and passion," and his "impression on a virtuous heart," his vows to a simple country girl, very much like a modern officer in a garrison town. Like the latter, he is ordered away, or has to go and "see his family," and as invariably, a third person steps upon the scene and forbids the banns. Mr. Gibbon dispatches the rest of the business very quietly. "On my return to England, I found that my father would not hear of this strange alliance, and that without his support I was destitute and helpless. I sighed as a lover: I obeyed as a son." The reader will note the curious use of the word "strange" in the sense of "foreign" or "incompatible;" and the awkwardness of the confession that he only discovered his dependence on his father at so convenient a moment. The "voice of truth" and even of passion was hushed in presence of this unsentimental argument. We may think of the poor girl in the lonely mountains, waiting for the lagging English post, then having this news broken to her with all the ingenious and elegant diction of the author of the Decline and Fall; her mortification too before the Lausanne coterie, with nothing left to console her but the "erudition without pedantry," which had so charmed her faithless admirer.

When he said he had "obeyed as a son,"

sequel of the affair; or it may be that his lotty Decline and Fall manner had made him view everything as having historical beasings of some kind. That strange irony, sometimes unintentional with him, had sometimes unintentional with him, had grown into a habit; and so be goes on:—
"My wound was insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life. My cure was accelerated by a faithful report of the tranquility and cheerfulness of the lady herself, and my love subsided into friend-ship and esteem." Sensible Mademoiselle Curchol! But she had made a large circle of friends.

among whom this desertion caused no little indignation. Rousseau did not care to con-ceal his opinion. Some one had written to ceal his opinion. Some one amount of Made-him with a message or commission for Made-moiselle Curchod, and he wrote back to say that he was certain to acquit himself badly that he was certain to acquit himself badly in it, on account of his esteem for her. "The cooling-off of Mr. Gibbon has made "The cooling-off of Mr. Gibbon has made me think meanly of him. I have been going over his book, and he seems to me to be straining at exprit. He is not the man for me; nor can I think that he will be the one for Mademoiselle Curchod. Any one who does not know her value, is not worthy of her; but a man who has come to that know-ledge and then withdraws himself, is only worthy of contempt. worthy of contempt. . . . I would sooner a thousand times that he left her poor and free among you, than that he bro her rich and miserable away to Engla This was plain speaking; and later, was duly published with the rest of the philosopher's tetters, and read by Mr. Gibbon, who made a half-good-humored, half-indignant protest against such treatment; but through the rotest we almost see a secret consc

of wrong.

Mr. Gibbon then went into the militia, and to be harmless compared with what were thought "the superstitions of Rome."

He was established at Lausanne, read a great deal, saw not a few remarkable people, graphic power to the minitary portions of his

History; and some distinguished person lately, speaking of the volunteers, quoted this passage. It was received with good-humored merriment—a good test of the value of so ridiculous a statement. The deserted young lady remained in her retirement until the death of her father laft her almost resulteer. He ther west resulteer. He ther west resulteer. ment until the death of her father left her almost pennilese. She then west to Geneva, and
was driven to the calling of a governese; and
there, says Mr. Gibbon, oddly, "she earned
a hard envisitence for herself and her mother;
but in her levest distress she maintained a
spotless reputation and a dignified behavriour. This mixture of compliment and
awkward reminder was scarcely in the best

riour. This mixture of compliment and awkward reminder was scarcely in the best taste.

But by-and-by was to come the reward. A rich Swise banker, who did businese in Paris, M. Necker, came that way, and, Gibbon says, oddly, "had the good sense to discover this inestimable treasure." Accident and labor, rather than good sense, generally guide discoveries. Her later career is well known, and the compensation for that early trial was destined to be brilliant. The banker became the minister; not only the minister, but a sort of "beaven-sent" one, called in to save France. The world now knows Madame Necker as one of its beroinss—the clever, charming wife, the pleasant agreeable writer, the devoted partner, the good and pious woman, and the mother of the more famons "Corinne"—Madame de stael. Mr. Gibbon found his way to Paria, where they were living, when the past was prudently forgotten; and in her salons was exhibited the distinguished Englishman, now very famous.

He, however, paid this homage to his early

forgotten; and in her salons was exhibited the distinguished Englishman, now very famous.

He, however, paid this homage to his early love—he never married. He was wealthy, and might have done so with advantage. The curious society at Lausanne and in Switzerland, where he saw Voltaire act, had a special charm for him. And so he pored over his Tillemont and Baronius, collected books and wrote, and grew fat and gouty and almost absurdly out of shape; and it was precisely at that crisis, when he was just fifty years old, he chose to fall in love again. The dramatic finale of that attachment was so comic, and placed him in so ridiculous a light, that it almost seems a Nemosis in consequence of his old desertion. It took place in the same locality.

Lady Elizabeth Foster, who afterwards became Duchess of Devonshirs—a daughter of the eccent-do Bishop of Bristol, of whom we had a glimpse in the account of Nelson's weaknesses—was on her travels over Europe. She was a true specimen of the diestante English who were then found on the Continent, and who really did noble and liberal acts with their money in the service of art. Fancy a lady of title now-a-days printing an chition de luxe of Horace at an Italian press, exquisitely illustrated, and costing a fortune.

Mr. Gibbon was at that really dramatic

Fancy a lady of title now-a-days printing an edition de luxe of Horace at an Italian press, exquisitely illustrated, and costing a fortune.

Mr. Gibbon was at that really dramatic passage of his life, in the middle of the year 1787, when he was completing his History, and on a certain night in June had written the last line of the last page of the great work. Great as it is, it seems now to be regarded more with respect and awe than affection; a feeling that Mr. Dickens has very happily expressed when he made Mr. Boffin choose it for the work with which he was to make his first acquaintance with literature. Very familiar is the description of the almost solemn act performed in a pavilion at the end of his garden. Laying down his pen, he took several turns in the "acacia alley," with a feeling of joy at getting back his liberty after this long and arduous servitude; but dashed with a certain melancholy, as he thought, however lasting might be the reputation of the book, the days of the writer might be numbered.

The lady arrived shortly after, and struck him, as she struck all, with the elegance of her form and manner, her esprid, eleverness, and, above all, the nice apropos of her compliments. She took a great interest in that dramatic completion of the great History, and was one morning asked to breakfast to inspect the very scene. In the mean time Mr. Gibbon has interpreted her "sweetness' and elegance, and all the compliments, as so many proofs of the impression he was making upon her heart. And it seemed this occasion would do excellently to bring on a desouement. After breakfast was over, he brought her out to look at the famons acacia walk, and the view of lake and mountain which it commanded. She was enthusiastic

brought her out to look at the famous acacia walk, and the view of lake and mountain which it commanded. She was enthusiastic in her celight, and expressed herself in all the raptures becoming admiration for somery when the historian suddenly affected to be jealous of the praise bestowed on such objects, and electrified her by an eloquent and passionate declaration, at the same time falling on his knees.

The astonished lady could hardly understand at first; then burst into a fit of laughter. The situation must have been ludicrous indeed: the unwildly lover still pouring out

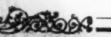
the unwis out pecantry, which had so coarmed her faithless admirer.

When he said he had "obeyed as a son," it must be owned that Mr. Gibbon gives rather an unhandsome account of the short stood his mistake, and then abe bade him rather an unhandsome account of the short sequel of the affair; or it may be that his enormous fat, and rheumatiam utterly incality Decline and Fall manner had made him view everything as having historical informs the romance of the situation, came ignoring the romance of the situation, came to his aid and tried to raise him; but it was in vain. Then both parties agreed to look at the matter in a prossic light; and it was de-termined that she should go for assistance, and give out that Gibbon had fallen. She went, and two stout peasants of the place came up, raised him between them, and landed him in his familiar easy-chair. Mdilc. Curchod was certainly avenged when these honest creatures soundly rated him for his folly, and told him he should not stir withfolly, and told him he should not stir with out the help of servants. To her honor, the duchess never mentioned this ludicrous adventure during his lifetime; but she after-wards told it to the Ceevalier A. de Montor, who relates it in the Biographic Universelle."

*The Rev. Dt. Russell, the learned and amisble President of Maynooth College, has called attention to this scene in his Life of Mezzofasti, as well as to the curious blander of Lord Brougham, who makes Mddle. Curchod the heroine.

PROVERB: "WHEN YOU ARE AT ROME, DO AS ROME DOES."—This probably may be traced to a saying of St. Ambrose. St. Augustice mentions in one of his letters (Eplxxxvi. ad. Casulan,) that when his mother was living with him at Milan, she was much scaudalized because Saturday was kept there as a festival; while at Rome, where she had resided a long time, it was kept as a she had resided a long time, it was kept as a fast. To ease her mind he consulted the bishop on this question, "who told him be could give him no better advice in the case than to do as he himself did: 'For waen I go to Rome,' said he, 'I fast on the Saturday, as they do at Rome; when I am here, I do not fast.' With this answer," he says, "he satisfied his mother, and ever after looked upon it as an oracle sent from heaven."

Opportunities are like flowers that fade at night; seize them, therefore, while they last.



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A DINNER AND A KIRS.

"I have brought your dinner, father,"
The blacksmith's daughter said,
As she took from her arm the kettle
And lifted its shining lid.
"There is not any pie or pudding,
Bo I will give you this,"
And upon his toil-worn forehead
She left the obildish kiss.

The blacksmith took off his apron And dined in happy mood, Wondering much at the savor Hid in his humble food; While all about him were visions Full of prophetic bliss; But he never thought of magic In his little daughter's kiss.

While she with her kettle swinging, Merrily trudged away, Stopping at sight of a squirrel Catching some wild bird's lay. And I thought how many a shadow Of life and fate we would miss, If always our frugal dinners Were seasoned with a kiss.

A Spanish Adventure.

It was one of those clear, bright winter nights known only to those who have visited the southern shores of Spain, that a merry party of young men sat, after dinner, in their mess-room at Gibraltar. They belonged to one of England's most distinguished regiments, whose galiantry in the field had won them a reputation they well deserved. Spain at that time was infested by a large and powerful band of highway robbers, their chief being the celebrated Jose Maria, whose presence struck terror into the hearts of all those who, either for pleasure or business, had to travel through Andalusis. Bumors had just reached Gibraltar of a daring attack made by Jose's band on the travellers in the diligence between Malaga and Grenada, who, in spite of having a strong body of mounted carabineros to escort them, had fared very badly in the encounter.

"I should be very sorry," said Major Clarke, "to have to travel through Spain at present; for I am sure this troop of Jose Maria's would surround the whole of our regiment, and strip us of all we possess before we could get through the mountain passes."

"I would not attempt it for a thousand

passes."

"I would not attempt it for a thousand pounds," answered Captaia Lefcester; "for I am certain that fellow Jose would hang you on the first tree if he found nothing to plunder; and if he discovered you were a British officer belonging to this garrison, would keep you a close prisoner till you were ransomed."

Every one present had his say; some thought they might escape the great chief; others were ready to bet any odds against

others were ready to bet any odds against him.

In the midst of all this conversation, one of the captains of the regiment, who had as yet net given his opinion, quietly stated he would take short odds that he would start in three days, should he be able to obtain leave of absence, and ride alone from Gibraltar to Madrid without being robbed, hanged, or otherwise ill-treated by Jose Maria or his band.

"Done!" says one voice: "Done!" says

hanged, or otherwise ill-treated by Jose Maria or his band.

"Done!" says one voice; "Done!" says another; and so on, till my old friend found himself beset on all sides by youngsters anxious to lay him any odds.

"I think, Turner, you are very wrong," said Major Clarke, "to undertake so feolish and dangerous an expedition, for although you can speak French, you do not know a word of Spanish; and remember, your bet is to go alone, so you cannot even have the advantage of a "Rock scorpion" who understands English, as your guide. My friend, Mr. Powell, says you will never accomplish it."

it."
All eyes turned toward Mr. Powell, a Gibraltar merchant, that evening a guest of Major Clarke, and whose experience made every one anxious to hear his opinion on the

subject.

"I should strongly recommend you, Captain Turner," said Mr. Powell, "not to undertake the journey. The Major says you neither speak the language nor know the country; and at present, I am told, the whole of Andalusia is infested by these robbers, therefore you are more than likely to fall into their hands, as Jose himself is in this neighborhood. Annul the bets at once, and do not apply for leave. I am sure you will to-morrow be heartily glad to have taken my advice."

said the quiet Captain Turner; "No," said the quiet Captain Turner; "when I once make up my mind to a thing I like to carry it out. Besides, we have al-ways heard that the said Jose Maria is a fine, noble fellow, who has in his rough way done so many generous acts, that I should not mind making his acquaintance, even at the risk of having to walk all the way home to tibraltar, supposing they should at the risk of having to walk all the way home to Gibraltar, supposing they should take a funcy to my horse, which is not a very good one. I bought the animal a short time since at St. Roque, and certainly gave very little for him."

offers were made to scratch all the bets; but nothing would do, for Captain Turner had made up his mind to go, and go be

would.

The rest of the evening was spent in the ante-room, some officers playing whist, others ante-room, some oncers praying wint, covers a round game. None were absent save the gallant Captain Turner, who went off to write his application for leave of absence, and make what little preparations were necessary for a two months' journey in Spain, where a man's whole kit is stewed in two saddle-bags slung on each side is horse. The following afternoon saw Captain Turner's name in garrison orders as baving obtained leave of absence to visit

as Daving detailed a specific process. The next morning, a few minutes after gun-fire, Captain Turner, and three brother officers anxious to give him a pas de conduité, were seen riding through the beautiful Alameda Gardens, full even at that time the wear of sweet-scented geraniums.

dutie, were seen fulng through the beautiful Alameda Gardens, full even at that time
of the year of sweet-scented geraniums.
Their passing through the main street did
not attract much attention at that early
hour of the morning; and with the exception
of an occasional shouldering of arms by some
sentry of their own regiment, the four horsemen might have said they had left Gibraltar
without meeting a human being.
When they had gone through all the gates,
and were fairly on the neutral ground, with
the Queen of Spain's chair staring them in
the face, the three friends again sudeavored
to dissuade Captain Turner from undertaking the journey; but nothing they said
had any effect, and after escorting him
about two miles along the eastern coast,
they parted, wishing him all possible success
and a happy return home. It would be

ASOSOSA .

pleasure, and therefore determined to remain on route wherever he pleased, and accordingly decided on staying two days at Malaga.

On the second morning after his arrival Captain Turner started for Grenada; and after an early breakfast and sundry inquiries from si mean, or waiter, who could speak a little English (of which he was very proud), as to which gate he was to leave the town by to get on the high road to Grenada, he fairly got under weigh, and it was not long ere he found himself ascending that beautiful hill from which you get the first glimpse of the Sierrs Novada.

With the exception of a few lines of mules laden with wood or sand, our traveller encountered nothing to intimidate him, or cause him to regret beving left his comfortable quarters in Gibraltar.

When he reached what was then called "La Venta Nueva," or New Inn, he found sitting in the large kitchen a group of very suspicious-looking men. On his entrance they ceased talking and singing; and turning to examine the intruder from head to foot, asked him several questions in Spanish, which he was not able to answer.

The landlord began laying a small, white tablecioth at the end of the long table nearest the fire, and making signs with his hands and mouth soon understood that the new-comer would like something to eat. Captain Turner, with the aid of a vocabulary, informed his host that he not only wanted una comida (a dinner), but una cama (a bed) as well.

This piece of news seemed to give general satisfaction; and the moment they found he could manage to say a few words in Spanish, they surrounded him, and a volley of questions ensued, as to where he came from, where he was going, sto. The dinner, which in those small inns consists always of the olla podrida, is ready at a moment's notice, never being moved from the left hand side of the large chimney-piece, where, as nothing but wood is burnt and the ashes seldom taken away, it always retains a certain degree of heat. The meal being over, the curicaity of the audience subsided, and the sin

rest.
The following morning at sunrise our trav-

A few hours more found our friend in that and ordering his dinner, he strolled out to Plassa, where the principal hotel in Grenada was then situated; where, after resting himself and ordering his dinner, he strolled out to hear the military band perform in front of the Governor's house.

Grenada is much gayer than most Span-Grenada is much gayer than most Spanish towns generally are, having several good
cafes, a capital theatre, and many other
places of public amusement. The next day
our friend found there were no less than
three English families in the hotel, besides
several others residing in the town. Captain
Turner very soon made the acquaintance of
two young men staying in the same hotel,
who, having been there for some time, voluntered to lionize him all over the place.
They did it to perfection, showing him all

untered to lionise him all over the place.
They did it to perfection, showing him all
the principal rooms in the Alhamora, and,
with the aid of an old map they had purchased, described what that beautiful palace
must have been before King Ferdinand
thought fit to demolish part of it and build
stables for his horses.

After a walk through the curious old gar-

dens, and a good look at the tree under which the last of the Moorish kings was which the last of the moorish kings was alain, the party descended into the town, and after duly in-pecting all that was to be seen there, returned to the botel. Here, again, our friend was advised not to undertake his reah journey; for at the table d'hote, hap-pening to be seated next to an Eng ish lasy, the conversation turned on the state of the rash journey; for at the table of the pening to be seated next to an Eng ish lady, the conversation turned on the state of the country, and when she heard of Captain cident occurred recently at a rural school. Turner's intended trip to Madrid, she did all the subject was the history of Samson, and the question, "What foolish thing did Samson, in the local country of the subject was the history of the subject was the history of Samson, and the question, "What foolish thing did Samson, in the local country of the subject was the history of the subject wa

needless to follow our enterprising traveller along that beautiful coast till he reached Malaga, at which place he arrived safely, having preferred that routs to the unknown (to him at least) short out through the corkway of his departure from Gibraltar that, late in the afternoce, we find him troting up the above-named mountain, hoping to come Seville to Madrid.

Camino Real, or Royal Road, which goes from Seville to Madrid.

Captain Turner having sufficient time before him, was not going to make a toil of pleasures, and therefore determined to remain en route wherever he pleased, and accordingly decided on staying two days at Malaga.

On the second morning after his arrival Captain Turner started for Greends; and after an early breakfast and sundry inquiries from el succe, or waiter, who could speak a little English (of which he was very proud), as to which gate he was to leave the town by to get on the high road to Greenda, he fairly got under weigh, and it was not long ere he found himself ascending that beautiful hill from which you get the first glimpse of the Sierra Novada.

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The landford heevel was to the name of the serventhal and the prefer him, the distinct in the distinct in the was a called Sierra Mo

take if you have not travelied this way before."

On arriving at the inn, Captain Turner remarked how very attentive everybody was to his fellow-companion. It was evident he was no stranger to them all.

'I will see that your horse is well cared for, Senor; and if you will have no objection, we will dine together."

This being agreed upon, they both ast down to a very good meal, which considering the wild part of the country they were in, appeared very much as if some one of importance had been expected. After dinner the conversation turned on Madrid, and after inquiring where he was going, the Spaniard in a joking way remarked he had better look out for Jose Maria and his hand, who were in great force in those parts.

better look out for Jose Maria and his band, who were in great force in those parts.

Captain Turner, either frem feelings of great confidence and liking for his new acquaintance, or from a feeling of disgust at every one warning him against the bandit chief, began singing his praises as if he were his best friend; and after repeating the same words he had made use of in the mess-room on the memorable evening when the beta were made, condied te his companion all that had taken place in Gibraltar, and what had induced him to take this trip to Madrid.

The Spaniard seemed greatly amused by all this; and after a couple of hours' chat, during which time a great many of Captain Turner's cigars had been smoked, they retired to rest.

"I shall be off very early in the morning," said our friend; "and as you seem to like my eigars, pray allow me to offer you a bundle of them."

"Thank you," answered the Spaniard; "they are certainly very good. And now let me offer you something in exchange;" and drawing his large Spanish knife from his beit, he out one of the eliver buttons off his jacket. "There," said he, "is a pass for you all through Spain. To-morrow, before you have gone many miles, you will be stopped; but the moment you see the men approaching, show them this button, and not one of them will interfere with you, for I am Jose Maria."

He then shook hands warmly with Captain Turner and retired.

requesting to be called very early, retired to rest.

The following morning at sunrise our traveller was in the saddle once more; and as behad been informed in Maiaga by the British Consul that the road from thence to Grenado, though the most picturesque, was by farthe most dangerous, he determined to keep a sharp look out on all sides.

No one was to be seen about that morning, save a few peasants going to their work, and he began to believe that there was not a word of truth in all that was said about the dangers of the country; when on reaching that splendid pass which leads you to the first view of the ancient City of Grenada on the opposite mountain, with the beautiful valley, so truly called the Golden Valley, beneath you, he heard a shrill whistle, and a noise above his head like the sound of mer running over very uneven ground. His very horee seemed to be sware that danger was mear; for pricking up his ears, and turning his head toward that side of the mountain from whence came the sound, he started off of his own accord into that sort of amble so peculiar to his race.

"Be quiet, you old fool! what he you arrised of?" said his master; but stail the amind increased his pace till be had got to see the great man again, but was forced animal increased his pace till be had got to take his departure without doing so. A few miles from the inn he found himself of overtaken by four men on horseback, who we reaching the next turning adoute, and ressed according to the fashion of the country, who for a few seadingly found, as if by magic, a remarkably handsome Spaniard alongside of him, very well mounted, and dressed according to the fashion of the country, who for a few seadingly found, as if by magic, a remarkably handsome Spaniard alongside of him, very well mounted, and dressed according to the fashion of the country, who for a few seading the next turning salute, anawered by Captain Turner with an unmistakable English or our lonely traveller and his steed. After the usual morning salute, anawered by Captain escort rode up at full gallop, crying out at the top of his voice, "Button, button! he has a button!" All hands were off at once, and the men retired behind a rock to their

we must now follow Captain Turner to Madrid, the remainder of his journey having been performed without any further adventure, his mounted escort never having left him till within five miles of the capital.

apital.

A fortnight after his arrival in Madrid,
A fortnight after his arrival by some of his A fortnight after his arrival in Madrid, Captain Turaer was induced by some of his friends to go with them to a masked ball, it being Carnival time. They had just done supper, when a very handsome woman came up to the table where they were sitting, leaning on the arm of a tall, fine-looking man. In a moment the captain recognized Jose Maria—for it was he—and, jumping up, was going to greet him, when he was arrested in his movements by a warning gesture from the latter. Shortly after, having conducted the lady to her seat, Jose gesture from the latter. Shortly after, having conducted the lady to her seat, Jose approached Captain Turner, and said in a

in yours. If you wish to win your bets, and return in safety to Gibraltar, be silent."

After a pleasant stay in Madrid, Captain Turner thought it time to retrace his steps to Gibraltar, and had not proceeded many miles when he observed a mounted escort following, which never lost sight of him till he was safely landed in Gibraitar.

Transer's intended trip to Madrid, she did all in her power to persuade him not to go further.

Having spent three very pleasant days in Grenada, where for the first time since he left Gibraltar he had heard his native language spoken, Captain Turner started for the mountainous but picturesque road which

TO JULIA SWINGING.

What gleams of white are those-now swift, Among the avenue's cool shadows you der?

cloud of Butterflies, that to and fro Delight to wander? The interweaving boughe are thick with The interweaving bougar are leaves.

Whose screen all closer observation fences;

And every fleeting glimpes the more de-

ceives
My puzzled senses. Is it some rare bird flitting through the An angel o'er the earth its bright course

winging—
it merry fay? "Tis all, yet none of these:
"Tis Julia swinging! Oh, sweet coquette! the swing's a fitting

type Of those coy arts and wanton wiles that of those coy won me, in beauty ripe, For now you fly to me, in beauty ripe, And now you shun me.

Ah, why thus torture me with fleeting charms, That set my heart tumultuously beating—
Advancing thus almost into my arms,
And then retreating?

You seem to rush to me—oh, maddening blies!—.

As if to mingle into one our two souls; And after all but offer me to kisse

Your tiny shoe-soles.

Now flinging all your beauty at me, now Withdrawing it as quickly, you but fool Just as your white robe, fluttering, fans my

brow, But doesn't cool me. Of earth am I, alse, and you're of sky; I feel it while you fly so far above me. When I so lowly am, and you're so high, How can you love me?

But, after all, where is your need of swings?
First give me that white resolud as a relic,
And then renounce the cheat, reveal your

wings,
And be angelic!
TOM HOOD.

AN HISTORICAL MYSTERY

Of the Eighteenth Century. BY LADY ALICE HAY.

BY LADY ALICE HAY.

Eighty-nine years ago a wedding-party assembled in the chapel of the duoal palace at Brunswick. It was a royal wedding—a scene of much splender and still more rajecting, with no lack of outward show and true hearty feeling.

There was much to interest the spectators in the bride and bridegroom. They were both young, handsome, accomplished; the world lay before them with a fair promise of honor and prosperity, with no cloud to dinit their horizon, no evil omen to shadow their future. But if the veil which merefully concealed that future had been for one moment uplifted, it would have revealed a dark and terrible fate in store for the young girl whose life had hitherto seemed so bright and untroubled. Before many years had elapsed, that beautiful bride was destined to perish in a foreign land, far from her husband, her children, and her family, undercircumstances of peculiar horror. The mystery that shrouds the fate of Augusta of Brunswick has never been explained, and her very name is now and most forgotten.

The first-born child of the gallant warrior, the properties of the properties of the sample of the sample of the world was the hand of an English princess, Augusta was only in her sixteesth year at the time of her marriage to Frederick William, Prince of Wuttemberg. She was beautiful, accomplished, gifted with warm affections, a generous heart, and peculiarly graceful and winning manners. The Duke of Brunswick was tenderly attached by scandal.

In 1784 Frederick of Wuttemberg (who, although nephew and heir to the reigning duk of that small domain, was at present for the world some of the brain down the hand of a tender husband, and the reputation of his beautiful consort had not yet been attacked by scandal.

In 1784 Frederick of Wuttemberg (who, although nephew and heir to the reigning duk of that small domain, was at present.

of Brunswick, who naturally dreaded and disliked the idea of his daughter being placed in so trying and dangerous a position. The Russian court was notorious, even in those Russian court was notorious, even in those very easy-going days, for its inherent and unblushing licentiousness, and the favor and friendship which Catherine II. extended to the Princess was fraught with perit to a young, handsome and inexperienced woman. friendship which Catherine II. extended to the Princess was fraught with peril to a young, handsome and inexperienced woman. At this distance of time it is impossible to decide as to the guilt or innocence of this unfortunate Princess, the more so as scarcely any reliable information can be obtained on this point. It is said by some writers that she occa-ioned the deepest shanse and disgrace to her husband and her family; whilst others declare that, though imprudent and thoughtless, she nevertheless remained in least experiment. The same properties of the results of the same properties of the same properties of the boy, his friend began to fear his load was becoming too heavy, and said—
"Johnny, don't you think you've got as much as you can bear?"
"Never mind," answered Johney, in a sweet, happy tone, "father knows how much I can carry." At this distance of time it is impossible to decide as to the guilt or innocence of this unfortunate Princess, the more so as scarcely any reliable information can be obtained on this point. It is said by some writers that she occa-ioned the deepest shause and diagrace to her husband and her family; whilst others declare that, though imprudent and thoughtless, she nevertheless remained innocent at heart. However this may be, it is excitain that the Prince treated his wife at cortain that the Prince treated his wife at this time with indifference, if not neglect, and that serious differences had arisen be-tween them. At length the Duke of Brunswick wrote to his son-in-iaw, advising him to leave Russia without delay, and to rescue his consort from an atmosphere of so much danger. Frederick at once acted on this advice, and, relinquishing his appointment, prepared to quit Russia; but the Princ. ss refused peremptorily to accompany him. She declared h r iotention of remaining at St. Petersburg under the protection of the Empress; and finding all remonstrance unavailing, Frederick was compelled to leave, followed only by his children.

A year elapsed, and then the news reached

the Duke of Brunswick that his daughter had died suddenly. Ro details were given, no dates; nothing but the dry, curt, efficial announcement. Heart-broken by the tidings, the Duke wrote at once to Catherine, desiring to have some further information on the cubject, and also requesting that the body of the ill-fated Princess might be given up to him; but no answer was ever vouch-eafed to this letter. The imperial autocrat of all the Runias could afford to turn a deaff car to the threats and entreaties of a petty prince; whilst one more deed of treachery and bloodshed would not trouble the conscience of the woman who had planned and instigated the murder of her unfortunate husband.

instigated the murder of her unfortunate husband.

Is appears that, for a short time, the Princese of Wurtemberg shone at court as one of Catherine's chief favorites, flattered, admired, and triumphant; but suddenly she was arrested one night, separated from her German attendants, and transported to the castle of Lhode, situate about two hundred miles from 8t. Petersburg. From that time Augusta of Brunswick was enver seen alive; but the manner of her dosth remains a profound mystery. A few months latter, it was announced that the Princese of Wurtemberg had died from the breaking of a blood-vessel, but no further details were given, and no inconvenient questions asked.

It has been said that jealeusy of the Princese's superior beauty and youth aroused the enmity of Catherine II., and that she adopted this plan to rid herself of a danger-ous rival. But the motive of this dark tragedy remains a matter for speculation, and no clue to the real fate of Augusta of Brunswick has ever been obtained. Ten years rolled away, and Frederick of Wurtemberg again sought a bride to share his fortunes.

This time he chose as English Princese, and strange to say the consideration of

years rolled away, and Frederick of Wurtemberg again sought a bride to share his fortunes.

This time he chose as English Princess, and, strange to say, the consin-german of his first wife—Charlotte Augusta Matiida, eldest daughter of George III. It is well known that the King refused to sanction this alliance, until he received from the lips of his future son-in-law an explicit denial of his being in any way cognisant of the murder of his unhappy wife. The interview was strictly private, but the King declared subsequently that the result was satisfactory, and the marriage took place in 1797 at the chapel royal, fit. James's. But it has been said that the consent was not cordially given, and it was noticed that Frederick of Wurtemberg never revisted England.

Augusta of Brunswick was only in her twenty-fourth year at the time of her mysterious death. A few years later her family were overwhelmed by disaster and adversity, not one member econping.

Her father perished at the battle of Jena, despoiled of his hereditary possessions; her mother died in exile and poverty; her brother, "Brunswick's fated chieftain," was killed at Waterloo; whitst the shame and degradation that clouded the life of her only si-ter, Queen Carolins, is still fresh, but too well remembered.

Of the two children borne by Augusta of Brunswick, the eldest, a son, succeeded his father as King of Wurtemberg, and died recently; whist the daughter Catherine, who inherited her unhappy mother's beauty and amiability, became the wife of Jerome Bonsparte, King of Wustphalia. Renowned for her conjugal virtues, this excellent princess died before she attained middle age, leaving one son, the Princes Mathide Demidoff.

The Marriyre of the Nimeteenth Century

tacked by scandal.

In 1784 Prederick of Wurtemberg (who, although nepbew and heir to the reigning although nepbew and heir to the reigning duke of that small domain, was at present possessed of a very limited patrimony) entered the Russian military service, and quitting Germany, took up his residence at St. Petersburg. He was accompanied by his wife and children. This ill-advised step, which brought about the most fatal results, was undertaken against the wish of the Duke of Brunswick, who naturally dreaded and of Brunswick. nerves the intellect of genius to immortal

" Father Knews."

A gentleman was one day opening a box of dry-goods. His little son was standing near, and as his father took the packages from the

I can carry."
Brave, trusting little fellow! He did not grow restless or impatient under the bur-den. There was no danger, he felt, that his and that serious differences had arisen between them. At length the Duke of Brunawick wrote to his son-in-raw, advising him to leave Russia without delay, and to rescue overtask it. More than all, his father loved

SOME OF

At Dickens's Sale.

FROM CHAMBERS'S LONDON JOURNAL

A large dingy room in King street, St. James's, hung round with solled green baise, the haust of brokers and speculators, has been of lake the scene of two most interesting events—the sale of the masuscripts of Walter Scott, and of the effects of Charles Diokens. The fermer iscident has now become too remote for notice, and was in itself less noteworthy upon public grounds; for who but a professional dealer in such treasures, or a man of exceptionally large means, could afford to purchase the original Waverly, the autograph Rob Roy? The great majority of spectators could only "look and long," and, we may add, sigh for shame! For why, in the case of acknowledged masterpieces of Literature, should not the nation make itself, by purchase, possessed of that which has covered it with honor? The public money has been spent by tens of thousands upon art-specimens of "the old masters," about the authenticity of which—to judge by the disputations that arise concerning them—there is always more or less of doubt, not to mention that, in many cases, the appreciation of the pictures themselves requires "an education," which may, after all, he a perversion of the understanding. But, with respect to the most precious monuments of our national literature, our rulers take no head of them, or grudge the few hundreds that would be necessary to secure them to our posterity forever. It would doubless raise a smile to hint that the great foundation of Tinity College, Cambridge, is principally interesting to the great mass of doubtless raise a smile to bint that the great foundation of Trinity College, Gambridge, is principally interesting to the great mass of Englishmen from the fact of its possessing the original manuscript of Lyoidas; but we firmly believe it to be the case. And yet Lycidas, master-poem though it be, is a small thing, so far as the national affection is concerned, compared with other works which our countrymen not only admire but delight in, the manuscripts of which have gone no man knows whither.

gone no man knows whither.

If, among the "effecta" at dead Dickena's sale, the autograph manuscript of Pickwick had been included—a book we instance not had been included—a book we instance not as his best, but because it was the work whereby he first took that world by storm of which he held caim possession till the end, as though it were not a challenge plate, of which a hundred competitors were yearning to deprive him—we verily believe that it would have sold for its weight in gold. But the preperty in question comprised no such treasure. It was composed of certain pictures, water-color drawings, and objects of art—all of which, with a few exceptions, fell far short of the first class, and probably offered but a poor contrast in themselves to the contents of the last estalogue that had been handed about in the same room, or to been handed about in the same room, or to any of those "desirable properties" of "gen demen of taste recently deceased," which themen of taste recently deceased," which Mesers. Christie and Man-on are instructed every day to bring to the hammer. And here, at the outset, let it be stated that it was by Mr. Dickens's express desire that this sale took place. In the (temporary) silence of detraction, and amid the hush of a genuine national sorrow, there has been heard a complaint against the great novelist's representatives that they should have permitted his goods to be put up at auction, and the private treasures of his home to be scattered through the land. But Charles Dickons was far too free-handed and generous a man to die rich; his heirs, he well knew, could ill afford to keep in their possession that which, if resigned to other hands, might—and, as the event proved, did—realize a fortune in itself. Moreover, as for the so-called "objects of art"—mere household treasures—we (who knew him well) can easily believe that it was his desire that those who loved genuine national sorrow, there has been that it was his desire that those who loved him from afar, and might not so much as have seen his face, should have the chance to take away with them, if they would, to their own homes some relic, however trilling, of him who, above all men, has striven to make home a sacred word with them. If there had been seven hundred of these objects, instead of seventy (as there were), there would have been eager purchasers for all. The sums which even the smallest of them realized were so enormous, so out of all proportion to their intrinsic worth, that no sleuder purse could compass them; and many a would-be purchaser went sorrowfulls vay, lamenting that the Rich prize the emory of Charles Dickens almost as much his own Poor.

The assemblage was even more motley The assemblage was even more motley than might have been expected on such an occasion, and included all degrees of men and women—there being a far greater proportion of the latter than are usually found in such scenes. A few fashionables—notwithstanding that the great "baby match" at Lord's was going on—here and there at Lord's was going on—here and there sprinkled the crowd, which was of materials singularly unlike those which generally go to make up an auction audience. There was the art-collector, of course, and—a very different (and indifferent) character—the art-speculator; the man of taste, who comes to criticise, and not to buy; the man who comes to buy at all events, and independently of criticise, and not to buy; the man who comes to buy at all events, and independently of the object; and the man who wishes to buy, but is too nervous to bid. The Jew broker, of coarse, was there, as elsewhere (and how significantly he tapped his noseat the prices!); the old gentleman who starts the budding for the one thousand pound picturs with half-aa taken out of his mouth : the strong-minded woman, who comes with her husband, and refrigerates him with a whisper when he gets heated by rivalry, and but for her would ejaculate "and a larf, and a larf" till he was a beggar. The nervous country curate, who haugs his head, for fear be should be supposed to bid anything, and has the set of drawing-room curtains, late the property of Mr. Bullion, knocked down to him at three hundred guiness, when he comes up half-suffocated, and with a natural anxiety in his countenance, which is misstrong-minded woman, who comes with her comes up nair-aufrocated, and with a natural anxiety in his countenance, which is mis-taken by the auctioneer for an advance of "five." All these were there; but with them mingled, and outnumbered them, faces evidently quite unaccustomed to the acene, and only interested in the particular event of the day. These were chiefly of the lowerof the day. These were chiefly of the lower-middle class—the last, perhaps, of all classes to feel the subtle spell of genius—come to do homage to him who had often shaken their fat sides with mirth, and sometimes even drawn their tardy tears. Mrs. Gamp, who of all persons was the very last we should have expected to see present, was nevertheless to be beheld in person, brand-ishing her umbrella and puttens (for the day was wet), and making much the same sensawas wet), and making much the same sensa-tion among her neighbors as a windmill in motion, or a scythed chariot. Bie "put out" even good-natured Mrs. Jarley, who

had come up from the country—having leisure, through her waxworks being melted by the heat—to buy, if it should chance to go "anyway reasonable," Mr. Topham's picture of her old friend Little Nell. You might in short her old. go "anyway reasonable," Mr. Topham's pic-ture of her old friend Little Nell. You might, in short, have picked out a score of the dead writer's own creations from the crowd, who had come to bonor his memory, or to pay it an involuntary tribute in the coin of curiosity. If he were here himself, was the idea that naturally suggested itself, how admirably would he have pictured all these results!

these people!

The officiating auctioneer opened pro The officiating auctioneer opened proceedings without much preface—perhaps he had Mr. Sapees in his mind—and the sale began. It would be invidious to mention particular "iots;" but it was clear from the outset that the public were revolved to let nothing slip, however intrinsically valueless, without a straggle. The first that had any direct association with the Man himself—s little picture of the Britannia, the vessel in which he made his first visit to America—evoked a fieroe contention, and eventually produced the large bid of 105 guiceas; for the next picture, an infinitely superior one, by the same artist (Stanfield), but which had no such personal interest attaching to it, no such personal interest attaching to it, realized, on the other hand, a much smaller sum. A water-color drawing by Sir David Wilkie, presented to the great novelist by the artist himself—a sketch for the Cotter's Saturday Night—brought 130 guineas; while Little Nell and her Grandfather in the Tent, Little Nell and her Grandfather in the Tent, making bouquets for the Racecourse, fetched 275. A most humorous little picture, Mrs. F.'s aunt, from Little Dorrit, not much larger than the palm of one's hand, had excited our own modest desires, and we founly hoped to become possessed of if; but others had entertained the same design with better means for its accomplishment, and it was knocked down, after a sharp struggle, for sixty guineas. Webster's Brimstone and Treacle scene at Dotheboy's Hall, though but a cabinet picture, fetched 510 guineas; and Dolly Varien, by Frith—a real masterpiece—no less a sum than a thousand—a consummation that was received with others. Both three were painted (as indeed a ere most of the pictures) expressly for the were most of the pictures; expressly for the great novelist, and in that circumstance, in their subjects, and in the reputation of their respective painters, possessed a threefold attraction.

attraction.

Presently a very large picture by Stanfield, representing the Eddystone Lighthouse—with so fine a sea on that it caused Mr. Sapsea to observe that he who purchased it need scarce take his family to the coast this autumn—was disrobed of the baize that concealed it. This piece had been painted in illustration of Mr. Wilkie Collina and the Lighthouse of the Light house in thick panted in illustration of Mr. Wikie Collins's drama of the Light-house, in which Mr. Dickens so distinguished himself as an actor; and the remembrance of his success upon the boards seemed to awake a new enthusiasm for the versatile genius that was never to charm us afresb. The work was knocked down for 900 guineas. A picture in similar illustration of the Frozen Deep, and one of A Man-of-War, both, like the first, "presented by the artist," realized between them 325 guineas. So that this friendly gift from artist to author, made precious by the magic of association, represented a princely present of more than thirteen hundred pounds. Neither Giver nor Recipient were men to weigh the offerings of Friendship by the money value, but such both.

There was great excitement when Mac-Incre was great excitement when Maclise's great picture of Dickens, painted in 1839, and presented to him by his publisher on the completion of Nicholas Nickleby, was placed before the crowd. But, alas! how few were left who could have recognized the Man as he then looked! We had most of us been used to a very different Charles Dickens, not so handsome, perhaps, but with a more thought-worn face than this, and eyes of such an intense and earnest signifi-cance, as could only be the fruit of a long experience of human life, and sympathy with its joys and woes. Mr. Maclies's pic-ture fetened the comparatively small sum of 660 guineas.

When the pictures had been disposed ofthe prices of which, of course, put them out of the reach of the general public—the enof the reach of the general public—the en-thusiasm of the audience became positive fanaticism. The biddings for every little trinket were incessant, and broke from all parts of the room, like crackers; it may give some idea of the prices realized, when we say that a little matchbox of walnut-wood—which could not at the most have cost five shillings—sold for five guineas; and much the same proportion was pre-served throughout. To see the astonished served throughout. To see the astonished grin upon the face of the auctioneer's porter as he held up each article in view of the ex-cited crowd, was a study which the great Master of Humor (the old wine of whose with has intoxicated usal!) would not have failed to have "made a note of." The thing was evidently incomprehensible to this person-age. He would have sold the True Cross by age. He would have soul lest interest in the object; and these fancy prices for the "de-corative objects late the property of a gen-tleman deceased," seemed to tickle him ama-ringly. There was a common gong on a deal stand, which was sold for a sum that so took his breath clean away that he could scarcely remove the article. He did not know—how should he?—what hospitable nemories its sound awakened in many ears evoked for some a knell! Whosever was its purchaser, it will never summon guests more punctually than it did in the old days at Gad's Hill. there present; that when be struck it, he evoked for some a knell! Whosoever was

at Gad's Hill.

Even the general public had their reasons for wishing to possess this barbarous instrument. "He was always fond of gongs," says one of them is my car (as if we were brothers, though we had never spoken before); "don't you remember the weak-eyed young man and the gong at Dr. Bimber's?" Of course I remembered. "Five guineas, then guineas, twenty guineas, thirty guineas. ten guineas, twenty guineas, thirty guineas,

ten guineas, twenty guineas, thirty guineas, thirty-one guineas. —going, going, going, going, Bus the most moving scene of all was when we saw his favorite raven—the Grip of Barnaby Rudge, and of all the world—the very bird which, when it was alive, he must have stroked and fed with his own hands; the actual model which sat for one of his own characters; we could hardly have been more exorted if there had been presented to us the original of Sam Weller stuffed!

us the original of Sam Weller stuffed!
Seriously, the power of genius could scarce
have been more strikingly exhibited than in
the rapturous cheers which bailed the apnevertheless to be beheld in person, brandishing her umbrells and puttens (for the day was wet), and making much the same sensation among her neighbors as a windmill in motion, or a scythed chariot. Bhe "put pat" even good-natured Mrs. Jarley, who "A term applied by jealons grown-up cricketers to the yearly coutest between Harrow and Ehoa. Fifty pounds! Bixty, seventy, a hundred pounds!—at which gigantic bid there was a sterm of applause. The speciacle of this stoffed bird, value perhaps five shillings, going at this snormous price, irresistibly reminded one of the old ditty:

O what a story the papers have been telling us About this little animal of mighty price! Who would have thought, but an auctionors, selling us For near two hundred gainers, &c.

Whe would have thought, but an auctioneer, or selling as
For most two hundred guiness, &c.

But the Tortoise-shell Tom Cat who was the here of that balled had been at least alive, whereas poor Grip was but a stuffed bird. He was purchased at last, amid a whirlwind of applance, for £120. "Name, name!" cried the crowd, cager te know who was the enthusiast; and immensely digasted they were to find that he was connected with the fitereoccopic Company. And yet the circumstance, though an indirect, in place of a direct, tribute to the genius of "Grip's" master, was even a greater proof of his popularity, since the purchaser intended to trade upon it, and evidently felt confident of seeing his money back.

There was one "Lot" more with a personal interest belonging to it, the six Pickwick Ladles, presented to Mr. Dickens on the completion of that work. The handle of each formed a allver gilt figure, representing the following characters: Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Jingle, Mr. Winkle, Sam Weller, Old Weller, and the Fat Boy. They were but of the size of toddy-spoons, and could have possessed small intrinsic value, yet they realized very large prices; the proportions of which curiously illustrated the position which the various characters occupied in the public estimation. Mr. Winkle's counterfeit presentement fetched £23; Mr. Jingle's, £30; the Fat Boy, £34; Old Weller, £51; the admirable Sam, £64 (and how we cheered him!); and the beaming Mr. Pickwick himself, £69. This concluded the proceedings; but as the assemblage rose, Mr. Sapses, with admirable presence of mind, acclaimed: "Why, we have forgotten the case!" and the old worn casket, in which the ladles had for so many years reposed, was held up, smartly contended for, and the ladles had for so many years reposed, was held up, smartly contended for, and knocked down for we know not how many

No living Englishman for certain, and per-haps no Englishman of the Future, will ever see such a sale again.

" I Have Stopped Your Paper." The following anecdote is decidedly sug-

gestive:
Many years ago, Mr. Swain, the editor of
the Public Ledger, was hailed at the corner
of Eighteenth and Chestnut streets, by a
very excited individual, who informed him,
in the most emphatic terms, "I have stopped
your paper, sir," and preceded to explain
the why and wherefore, all the time gesticulating wildly. "My gracious, sir, you don't
say so. Come with me to the office, and let
us acc if we cannot remedy the matter. It us see if we cannot remedy the matter. It grieves me that any one should stop my

Arriving at the office, Mr. Swain said, "Why, my dear sir, everything seems to be going on here as assail; I thought you had stopped my paper." Then and there the excited gentieman whom the long walk had by that time partly cooled, said that he had stopped taking his "one copy" of the Public Ledger. Mr. Swain was profuse in his apologies for having misunderstood the meaning of his late sub-criber's words, and regretted that he had given him the tramp from Eighteenth street to Third. The gentleman went on his way home, a wiser if not a better man. Before he left, however, he ordered that the Ledger be still sent to his address. Arriving at the office, Mr. Swain said, ed that the Ledger be still sent to his address.

Alcohol.

Aicehes.

Dr. Parkes, of London, has been experimenting on a healthy soldier to find the effects of alcohol. He had him first take no alcohol for six days; then for six days he took, in divided doses, from one to eight ounces of pure alcohol; then water for six days; and then for three days twelve ounces of fine brandy, containing 48 per cent. of alcohol. The effect in modifying weight was quite inappreciable. Alcohol produced little effect on the temperature of the system, though slightly raising it. The pulse was materially affected, rising from 77.5 before alcohol to 94.7 after the largest doses. Estimating the normal daily work of the ventricles of the heart as equivalent to the lifting of 122 tones a foot, it was found that during the alcoholic period the heart was compelled to lift an access of 15.8 tons, and during the last two days of 24 tons. Their conclusion was that it was utterly useless in health, and positions in larger constitutes. sion was that it was utterly useless in health, and positively injurious in larger quantities than two ounces daily. There seem to be in-dicated an advantage in its use if employed in rousing a feeble appetite, exciting a feeble heart, and accelerating a languid capillary

WITH respect to Mr. Dickens's family it may be news to many to hear that he had ten children (eight of whom are living,) namely two daughters and eight so one is in the Royal Navy, and now stationed at Valparaiso, one in India, and two sheep-farming in Australia, near Melbourne. The youngest of the sons is at college, and the eldest is now conductor of All the Year Round. Of the daughters one is married to Charles Collins, brother of Wilkie Collins. She is the heroine of Millate's famous paint-ing of the "Black Brunswicker." The un-married daughter, like Miss Thackersy, is a married daugster, like plass Insacers, is movelist of more than average talent, her best known works being "Aust Margaret's Trouble," "Mabel's Progress," and "Veronica." The best and largest photographs of Dickens were taken in America, and a large supply of them has been sent to England

For the thousandth time a paragraph is For the thousandth time a paragraph is journeying through the journals, informing the ignorant that the word "News" is compounded from the initials of the four principal points of the compass thus: N. E. W. S. It is a pretty conjecture, only it has not a morsel of foundation. "News," is simply a plural constructed from "News," and "New" comes to us regularly from the Latin "News." The old Latin for "News" was "Res Nora," and the word reaches us, mere ly changed in spelling and pronunciation Western dialects. That we are reminted of it by the points of the compass, is only one of those philological accidents which are continually leading ingenious people astray, and which have especially occasioned numberless blunders in regard to the origin of

Narrow-minded men, who have not a Narrow-minded men, who have not a thought beyond the sphere of their own out-look, remind one of the Hindu maxim: "The snail sees nothing but its own shell, and thinks it the grandest palace in the uni-

About Canning Fruit.

So much has been said about preserving fruit in air-tight came or jars, that we are surprised that the inquiries still come for descriptions of the process. As our circle of readers widens, it each year includes new ones who do not seem to have practicedt his admirable household economy. Only a short time ago a letter came from Africa, saying that the writer had seen peaches from America put up in a thin liquid, and asking if we could find out how it was done. In our own families the canning of fruit is a matter of course, and we advise all who have never tried it to do so at once; they will be sure to keep up the practice afterwards.

will be sure to keep up the practice arearwards.

THE PRINCIPLE abould be understood, in order to work intelligently. The fruit is preserved by placing it in a vessel from which the external air is entirely excluded. This is effected by surrounding the fruit by liquid, and by the use of heat to rarify and expel the air that may be entangied in the fruit or lodged in its porea. The preservation does not depend upon sugar, though enough of this is used in the liquid which covers the fruit to make it palatable. The beat answers another purpose; it destroys the ferment which fruits naturally contain, and as long as they are kept from contact with the external air they do not decompose.

the ferment which fruits naturally contain, and as long as they are kept from contact with the external air they do not decompose.

THE VESSELS in which fruits are preserved are tin, glass, and earthenware. Tin is used at the factories where large quantities are put up for commerce, but is seldom used in families, as more skill in soldering is required than most persons possess. Besides, the tins are not generally safe to use more than once. Glass is the preferable material, as it is readily cleaned and allows the interior to be frequently inspected. Any kind of bottle or jur that has a mouth wide enough to admit the fruit and that can be securely stopped, politively air-tight—which kind of bottle or jar that has a mouth wide onough to admit the fruit and that can be securely stopped, po-itively ai-tight—which is much closer than water-tight—which is made for the purpose, and are sold at the crookery and grocery stores. These have wide mouths, and a glass or metallic cap which is made to fit very tightly by an India-rubber ring between the metal and the glass. The devices for these caps are numerous, and much ingenuity is displayed in inventing them. We have used several patterns without much difference in success, but have found there was some difference in the facility with which the jars could be opened and closed. The best are those in which atmospheric pressure helps the scaling, and where the sole dependence is not upon screws or clamps. To test a jar, light a slip of paper and hold it within it. The heat of the flame will expend the air and drive out a portion of it. Now put on the cap; when the jar becomes cool the air within will contract, and the pressure of the external air should hold the cover on so firmly that it cannot be pulled off without first letting in air by pressing saide the rubber or by such other means as is provided in the construction of the jar. When regular fruit jars are not used, good corks and cement must be provided.

CEMENT is made by melting 1½ os. of tallow with 1 lb. rosin. The stiffness of the cement may be governed by the use of more or less tallew. After the jar is corked, tie a piece of stout drilling over the mouth. Dip the cloth on the mouth of the jar into the melted cement, rub the cement on the cloth with a stick to break up the bubbles, and leave a close covering.

The Process.—Everything should be interested the interest of the cement on the cloth with a stick to break up the bubbles, and leave a close covering.

melted cement, rub the cement on the cloth with a stick to break up the bubbles, and leave a close covering.

THE PROCESS.—Everything should be in readiness, the jars clean, the covers well-fitted, the fruit picked over or otherwise prepared, and cement and corks, if these are used, at hand. The bottles or jars are to receive a very hot liquid, and they must be gradually warmed beforehand, by placing warm water in them, to which boiling water is gradually added. Commence by making a syrup in the proportion of a pound of white sugar to a pint of water, using less sugar if this quantity will make the fruit too sweet. When the syrup boils, add as much fruit as it will cover, let the fruit heat in the 'yrup gradually, and when it comes to a boil lade it into the jurs or bottles which have been warmed as above directed. Put in as much fruit as possible, and then add the syrup to fill up all the interstices among the fruit; then put on the cover or insert the stopper as soon as possible. Have a cloth at hand dampened in hot water to wipe the necks of the jars. When one lot has been bottled, proceed with more, adding more sugar and water if more syrup is required. Juicy fruits will diminish the syrup much less than others. When the bottles are cold, put them away in a cool, dry, and dark place. De not tamper with the covers in any way. fruits will diminish the syrup much less than others. When the bottles are cold, put them away in a cool, dry, and dark place. Do not tamper with the covers in any way. The bottles should be inspected every day for a week or so, in order to discover if any are imperfect. If fermentation has com-menced, bubbles will be seen in the syrup, and the covers will be loosened. If taken at and the covers will be loosened. If taken at once, the contents may be saved by thoroughly reheating. Another way to prepare a syrup and allow it to cool. Piace the fruit in the bottles, cover with the syrup and then set the bottles nearly up to their rims in a boiler of cold water. Some wooden slats should be placed at the bottom of the boiler to keep the bottles from contact with it. The water in the boiler is then heated and keep boiling until the fruit in the bottles is kept boiling until the fruit in the bottles is thoroughly heated through, when the covers are put on, and the bottles allowed to cool. It is claimed that the flavor of the fruit is better preserved in this way than by the

WHAT MAY BE PRESERVED. - All the fruits WHAT MAY BE PRESERVED.—All the fruits that are used in their fresh state or for pies, etc., and Rhubarb, or Pre-plant, and Tomatoes. Green Peas, and Corn, cannot be readily preserved in families, as they require special apparatus. Strawberries. Hardflessed sour varieties, such as the Wilson, are better than the more delicate kinds. Discretions of them have better than the more delicate kinds. Discretions of them have been delicated in the present than the more delicated in the present than the present that the present that the present than the present that the presen

fleaned sour varieties, such as the Wilson, are better than the more delicate kinds. Directions for these, as well as for Raspberries will be found in a Basket item.

Currants need more sugar than the foregoing. Blackberries and Huckleberries are both very satisfactorily preserved, and make capital pics. Cherries and Plums need only picking over. Peaches need peeling and quartering. The skin may be removed from ripe peaches by scalding them in water or weak lye for a few seconds, and then transferring them to cold water. Some obtain a strong peach flavor by boiling a few peachments in the tyrup. We have had peaches keep three years, and were then better than those sold at the stores. Pears are pared and halved, or quartered, and the core removed. The best, high-flavored and melting varieties only should be used. Coarse basing pears are unsatisfactory. Apples. Very few put up those. Try some high-flavored ones, and you will be pleased with them. Quiaces. There is a great contrast between quinces preserved in this way and those done up in the old way of pound for

pound. They do not become hard, and they remain of a fine light color. Tometoes require cooking looger than the fruits proper, Any intelligent person who understands the principle upon which fruit is preserved in this way, will soon find the mechanical part easy of execution and the results astisfactory.—American Agriculturist.

Chinese in California.

BY GEORGIANA B. KIRRY.

The utter faithfulness behind your back, manifested by these heathens, is something wooderful for a Christian to contemplate. To a house servant you explain what you want done, or, if necessary, do it yourself once befue him; after that it will be attended to in the same way every day for years, whether you are present or absent; and yet John is not wanting in inventive powers, as the histories would have us believe; he can improvise a dinner or supper out of such provisions as are found in closet or larder, and place it on the table in better shape than any other man or woman this country affords, and the scrupulous neatness, order and cleanliness of his kitchen work is proverbial.

They never waste their employer's time or material. Economy is their forte: and it would be well if the improvident Iriah Catholics could learn the lesson, which would be a foundation for the self-respect they are so deficient in. In a shoe and boot factory in San Francisco, where Chinese workmen are employed, it is noticed that they chat cheerfully and wo'uhly during the first fiteen minutes of working, and then buckle to seriously, with no more speech till the duties of the day are over. I am told this castom of a limited social season to begin with, obtains everywhere that these people are engaged.

As a proof that the return to their native land of these men, who have been indoctrinated into our manner of life and seen the position our women occupy, (taking thus the theory of our religion at Sunday Schools, and the very imperfect practice of it in the household and state)—as a proof, I say, that their return is for the highest good of their country, and therefore of the world, I must tell you of one man, who for three years did all the marketing, cooking, washing, and general housework for a family of five or six, and in the evening studied until he had attained a fair knowledge of American history and American ideas—avowing the while his intention to return and instruct his countrymen in liberal religions

five or six, and in the evening studied until he had attained a fair knowledge of American history and American ideas—avowing the while his intention to return and instruct his countrymen in liberal religious ideas and social customs. At the end of the time mentioned, he procured (a second missionary genius was not to be expected) for the lady another servant, and, having initiated him into the ways of the household, departed for the Flowery Kingdom, where I firmly believe he is to-day doing good service in the cause of true progress.

Now, as to the ten cents a day theory. Whatever they may have been obliged to endure in overpopulated China, they have, be sure, no intention of repeating the experience here. In the kitchen last evening Ali Chin—who had just finished his supper of omelet, custard pudding and strawberries, with English (?) breakfast tea to wash it down—informed me that "Six dollars week no good; seven dollars good. Much wash, much cook, you tell Mr. K.—he no give seven dollar you get another boy one week." And in reply to my remark that I liked him, and should be sorry to have him go, he coolly observed, "Yes, yes, me likee you too, like stay here, seven dollars."

Death of Farragut.

The American people will receive with sorrow the news of the death of Admiral David G. Farragut. The mournful event took place at the residence of Commodors A. M. Pennock, at the Navy-yard, Portsmouth, N. H., on the 14th. The Admiral's death-bed was surrounded by his family and friends, and he passed away peacefully. His age was 69 years. The remains will be deposited temporarily in a vault in the Portsmouth Navy-yard until the final resting place shall be decided upon.

Admiral Farragut was born in Knoxville,
Admiral Farragut was born in Knoxville,
Tennessee, in the year 1801. His mother,
Miss Shine, was a Notth Carolinian of Irish
extraction, and his father, George Farragut,
was a Spaniard, from the Balearic Isles,
George Farragut, was a Spaniard, from the Galactic level George Farragut, according to the Admiral's family Bible, was born in Ciudadela, in the Island of Minoron, and in the baptismal registry of that town, under the year 1755, his name is found. As to where his grandfather came from there seems to have been some difference of opinion between the Ad-miral and the people of Ciudadela, when he visited Minorca in 1868. They asserted that the grandfather was a Majorcau. Of this the Admiral had never heard, but he knew that his more remote ancestors were from

Catalonia or Aragon.

He entered toe United States navy sixty He entered to United States navy sixty years ago, as midshipman. Two years after, war broke out between this country and England, and gave him an opportuoity for seeing active service. He served with Commodore Porter in the Essex until the capture of that vessel, when he was transferred to the line-of-battle ship Independence. If the country he presed his examination for the country he presed his examination for due course he passed his examination for lieutenant. He was transferred to the West India squadron. In 1847 he obtained his commission as commander of the Saratoga, 20 gans. In this vessel he took part in the Mexican war. His career in the late war is well known. Since Nelson there has not

been a greater naval hero. Hold the Rein.

We have plenty of Little Men and Little Women in America, but no Boys and Girls. Pamily government should be as colliptened and conscientious government, and we have made it a mob; we are so fond of our children that we mostly let them have their own way in dict, and diversions and dress; in the disposition of their time; in their demeanor toward their elders and superiors; in their toward their elders and superiors; in their morals and in their manners, which are only morals in action; until the whole land swarms with an insolent, teasing, worrying, tormenting progeny, to the increase of old bachelors and the distress of adult every-body. The weakness which engenders this indulgence does not deserve to be called Love. It is simply a weak and silly partialindungence
Love. It is simply a weak and smy
ity for one's own, encouraged by indolence
and confirmed by burrying pursuits outside
of home. The impulsive would find a remedy for this in flogging; but generally there
is a better and a wiser way.

Shop girls who are employed in group-ing and arranging flowers are said to saffer from headsche and feverishness, caused by the oder of the flowers, which they are obliged to inhale all the time.

ford, in his late book on "Forms of Animal Life," gives a new criterion by which to dictinguish sammals from vegetables. He says that in the case of all animals the embryo absorbs its yolk from the inside, while in vegetables the germ of seed is surrounded by its slibmens. This is a remarkable foreshadowing of the way in which the adult animal or plant absorbs its food, the former by placing it within itself for digestion and assimilation, while the latter takes its food from outside.

assimilation, while the latter takes its food from outside.

The One very beautiful feature in Paris is the universal window gardening. Every window is full of searlet geraniums, fusebias, and ivy and various vines. These windows make the plainest house attractive, and indicate refinement and a love of nature and the beautiful. In the gardens, whole beds of one-colored flower are very effective and very common. Walks in the gardens are bordered for a long distance with one kind of flower, as a border of white, thin pink, scarlet, or yellow; ivy and scarlet geraniums are everywh re. Parisians live out-doors, and they make all out-of-doors attractive.

To Pottowatomic City, Kansas, claims the largest percentage of increase yet developed under the census of 1870. The population of "the city," in June, 1860, consisted of the proprieter, Josephus Elsegood, in the fall of 1800, he got married, and the population of "the city" now consists of Elsegood, his wife and eight children—ten in all—an increase of nine hundred per cent.

sists of Eleegood, his wife and eight children—ten in all—an increase of nine hundred per cent.

ET It is said of a popular lecturer that on announcing to his wife, who had her own opinion about his talents, that he was guing to lecture at Sheffield, the lady replied, "At Sheffield! I am so glad; I always hated those Shaffield people."

ET Thirty publishers and \$6,000,000 capital are employed in the publishing of Sunday school literature in this country.

ET Let one of the first acts of the next season of Congress be the total repeal of the whole Income Tax law, in which will be swept away an army of idle politicians engaged in its collection, at a cost covering a very large percentage of the revenues from it. In addition to this let the further payment of interest on so much of the bonds purchased, cancelled, and destroyed, cease. To continue to collect money from the people under a plea of paying interest on bonds, the principal of which has been paid and the bonds destroyed, with only a record remaining, is a fraud and a deception. It is not a plain, straightforward business.—

Philada, Ledger.

ET NEEDLEWOMEN.—Dr. Letheby, the physician of the London Board of Health, has published statistics in reference to the sanitary condition of needlewomen, from which it appears that while the mean age of women generally is 54.1 years, that of needlewomen, 438 die from consumption and 37 from fevers. In 1861, it is stated there were 127,131 females in London engaged in various branches of needlework, of whom 21,000 were under 20 years of age.

of needlework, of whom 21,000 were under 20 years of age.

The Woman's Journal says:—"A fashionable dressmaker in New York urged an economical young girl, about to be married, to buy a costly welding outfit. 'But I have no money,' said the maiden. 'No matter,' said the complaisant tempter. 'I will wait four years, and send in the bill to your husband by degrees. Many ladies do it.'"

your husband by degrees. Many ladies do it."

A literary contemporary explains that the frequent occurrence among the Welsh of suggestively Jewish surnames is due to the fact that it was at one time the custom among this people for the son to assume the Christian name of his father as his own surname. The son of Levi Williams took Levi for his surname, sinking the paternal Williams. In like manner arose such names as Solomon, Davids, and in a few instances even Moses, as the cognomers of undeniably Welsh families. Afterwards this practice of assuming the father's Christian name as a surname fell completely into desuctude; but it has lasted long enough to leave a very enduring mark upon Welsh family names.

**Ep rimental Philosophy—Trying to berrow an umbrella. Moral Pailosophy—Refusing to lend it.

**Official information has been received denying that the French Government has overest a general removal of Prussings from

denying that the French Government has ordered a general removal of Prussians from Paris. It has, however, required, perhaps, one hundred and fifty to leave that city, for the reason that they violated the privilege of domicil by unfriendly demonstrations against the French

A one-armed newspaper carrier in Everett, Mass., has, at odd times, built himself a two-story French-toofed house, 26
feet by 32. All the work was done by him
cacept raising the frame, setting the door
and window frames and the plastering. Who
aays one-armed mon must grind hand organs
for a living?

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free, No continues stories. The very best writers
and Washes. All such remedies close up the pores
and window frames and the plastering. Who
aays one-armed mon must grind hand organs
for a living?

The Editor and Publishers in the management of
The Banuar same in omake it:

for a living ?

for a living?

To ascertain the weight of a horse, put your toe under the animal's feet.

Pleasant Checksin Life—Bank checks.

In Nevasia a contemplative Digger Indian sat watching a party of base-ball players, who seemed to him to be working very hard. Turning to one of them, he asked "How much you get one day?"

An editor of one of the New York magazines lately sent back his tailor's bill accompanied by a neatly printed slip informing the tailor that his MS. was "respectfully declined." Force of habit. The mistake was not discovered until the next day. was not discovered until the next day

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The tirent Salubrient.—Prepared is an instant, bright and sparking as champagee. Thirst satisfying cooling and afreshing. Tanasaw's Errawassers Saleras Arganser is the most convenient and paintable preparation ever one insistered to an invalid. If it were not closed among the most celebrated mediciace of the age because of its workerful efficacy as a corrective and alterative, it might well be styled a choice summer luxury. It is a swift remony for all the pains and penaltice of improvence in esting or drinking, immediately relieving addity of the stomach, flatichece, bilious headsche, nerrountees, physical prostration, coile, and all derangements of the stomach, howels, liver, or kidneys, occasioned by under indulgence or other causes.



Its Effects are AN UNFAILING REMEDY for NEURALOIS

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SOME OF

southe the torselve of price and services of construction of the services of t median receipt of price and postage, age 8 m Postage 6 cents.

WIT AND MUMOR.

A Popular Summer Resort. BY MOSE SKINNER.

About the middle of May last, I received a letter from my old friend Bill J—, of Vermont, requesting to see me on particular business. I thought I'd go, for I longed to look upon his dear old face again—and be offered to pay my expenses busides.

again—and he offered to pay my expenses besides.

I found Bill waiting for me at the depot, and glad to see me. The old chap still looks intellectual, and can get away with his three square meals a day in a style that defies con-

petition.

"Well, my boy, what business do you want me on f" said I, as I stretched myself luxuriantly on the door-mat in Bill's elegantly-furnished cellar kitches, and watched the smoke as it curied heally upward from my fragrant short-six, which was imported by Bill, directly from Havana, at a dollar and a quarter a hundred.

"It's this," he replied. "You remember that did "when here the college of the property of the college of the co

a quarter a bundred.
"It's this," he replied. "You remember that old Tarbox house over to C---,

on't you?"
I told him I did. don't your I told him I did.

"Well," he went on, "it was sold at auction last week, and I bought it for a mere soeg. But I don't know what to do with it, now I're got it. It's a rickety old coop, and leaks like a sieve. Nobody would live there anyhow, for it's close by Cat Swamp. The last family died off in about a year and a half. 'Sposes I fix it up a little, and advertise it as a 'Popular Bummer Resort,' setting forth its superior advantages in very large type: 'pure water,' 'invigoratiog climate,' and all that sort of thing. Do you think 'twould pay ?"

climate, and all that think 'twould pay ?"
think 'twould," I replied, "if you only charge
"It would," I replied, "if you only charge
his prices enough."

big prices enough."

"I can put on a cheap piassa," continued Bill, "raise it a story, and double the number of rooms by running a partition through each one. If I remember right, there's an old mill-pond close by. That will do for the 'elegant lake with unrivalled scenery,' and a couple of old pung-boats will furnish the 'numerous facilities for enjoying the rare fishing which abounds in this locality."

cality."
"But there ain't a fish within twenty

es," said I.
Of course there ain't—but this is only the advertisement; and now I want you to help me get it up." So we went to work, and in a short time produced the following:—

COUNTRY BOARD.

The famous resort known as TARBOX VILLA,

is now open to the public for the summer season. It has been noted for years for its is now open to the public for the summer season. It has been noted for years for its wonderfully pure air, exquisite landscapes and general healthfulness; can accommodate any number of guests; is seven stories high, and room for more. The hotel is supplied with two marble-topped washstands in every room—together with twenty-five pianos, for the use of guests. Every room is carpeted two inches thick, with carpeting manufactured by Mr. Brussels himself. Troupes of French and English servants glide noiselessly about, anticipating the guests' slightest wish. The view from the piaza is exquisitely beautiful, rivalling in gorgeous splendor the far-famed fairy lands of the East, or the transformation scene in the Black Crook. The eye takes in thousands of verdure-clad hills, from whose summits can be seen hundreds of pro-perous farms, and thriving villages, with their hands with some contents. farms, and thriving villages, with their church spires glistening in the sun.

THE PISHING

is immense. At Crystal Lake, within teaminutes' walk of the hotel, thousands of trout gambol slyly about, and by their fascinating wiles tempt the angler from his elegant easy-chair in the gentleman's sitting-room. There are also plenty of other beautiful lakes close by, in whose transparent depths the finny tribe largely constructed.

is unrivalled. In addition to numerous small crafts, the proprietors have lately purchased two superb yachts, which speed the waters like a thing of life, filled with laughing groups of beautiful and accom-plished ladies.

OTHER AMUSEMENTS
are abundant, including horseback riding.
The honest farmers in this locality lend their horse, and refuse to take any pecuniary

Now about the healthy climate," said Bill, "don't we want to make that rather strong? A good many people are down on east winds, you know."

east winds, you know."

"Some like 'em," said I.

"I know it," he replied, "and so I don't know what to say. 'Speach I say, 'East winds never blow in this climate, except by special request of the guests?""

But we finally concluded to have it this

The climate here is unusually healthy. The only funeral for the past ten years is the case of a man who fell from a meeting-house steeple, and was instantly killed. There are no east winds here, and the oldest inhabitant cannot remember a north-east

" Is that all ?" inquired Bill.

"No," said 1; "you must have in some thing about its being a resort for invalids A mineral spring, or patent bath, or some thing of that sors, would do the business." "Well," said he, "how's this?"

There is one of the finest mineral springs in the United States close by the house. It has already cured thousands of sufferers, afflicted with every known disease; and some who never drank water at all, now hanker for this.

Large numbers of invalids come here very summer, and go away rejoicing in calls restored. Some come fearfully emaciated and hobbling on crutches, who, in sweek's time, throw away their crutches, and play leap-frog to take down their fat. That will do," I replied. And now let's

HOW TO GET TO TARBOX VILLA. All the respectable railroads in the country run, without change of care, direct to Tar-box Villa, through one of the most imposing landscapes on this continent.

The last time I heard from Bill, his house was full, and he was making money hand ever fist. People with elegant, airy mansions in the best portions of our great city, were flocking down to this den of his, because they were humbuged by this newspaper advertisement. Some stay because

Section Section



Young GENTLEMAN .- "Aw! Miss Cavendish, do you know they've had a Juvenile Party before the Bail?"

Miss C.—"Oh! then I suppose your Mamma is letting you stop a little later this evening?"

they are ashamed to acknowledge it by returning; and others, who stay three or four days to recover from their horrible journey through guileys and over stumps, are by that time so reduced by the climate, mosquitos, and bedbugs, that they can't get away for a month at least; and when they feally do go they don't expose this, as they'd ought to—for when a person gets humbugged to generally keeps still about it, in hopes others will get humbugged to. But it's too bad, and I'm really sorry that I helped Bill on.—True Flag.

My Turkish Bath.

It happened to be eleven o'clock some time during yesterday forenoon.

I generally take something at that hour. Yesterday I took a Turkish Bath.

I took a horse-car. (That, however, neither here nor there; but it got within two blocks of there at 11.25.) I ran up the steps of the T. B. establishment, and wired the immates. The door flew open, and an ideal voter, erst a chattel (I hope I am not obscure in this deeply interesting portion of the narrative) pointed his thumb over his shoulder, displayed a choice assortment of ivory, and chuckled with great natural ease. I supposed this to be a custom with the colored population of Turkey, and passed on.

Everything was Turkish. I was struck with the order of the bath; also the scimetary of the apartments. As I think I before remarked I passed on.

The M. D. proprietor shook hands with me very cordially. I also shook hands with him. I told him that I wanted no ceremony; but if agreeable to him I would gird up my loins and go in. He imitated that the only ceremony was to fund a small pertion of the contents of my pocket-book. I am a little hard of hearing—and I passed on.

An assistant, in the light and airy costume which I have so often noticed in Central Africa, in midsummer, beckoned to me, after I had laid aside a quantity of goods (belong-

Africa, in midsummer, beckoned to me, after

Africa, in midsummer, beckoned to me, after I had haid a-side a quantity of goods (belonging to my tailor, and other down-town business men,) and I followed him.

The room we entered was heated by what I took to be a successful furnace. I must have been mistaken, however, for I understood the assistant to apologize because, by reason of a defect in the flues, they had been able to get the temperature in only to been able to get the temperature up only to about 475 degrees that morning. I was a little disappointed, but simply suggested that the thermometer was Fair in Height; but if I felt chilly I would send out for some

He laid me on a slatted couch.

He laid me on a statted couch.
I experienced a gentle glow.
Afterwards, (I don't know why, exactly, I have always attributed it to the temparature,) I felt hot—hotter—Hottentotter! It seemed as though the equator ran right along the line of my back-bone, I didn't care.

I couldn't recollect whether my name was I couldn't recollect whether my name was Shadrach, Meshack, or Abednego; but I was baking and sizzling just as furiously as though I had paid in advance. My pores were opening and the perspiration was immense. A red bandanna handkerchief would have been swamped.

Waiting till my identity was pretty much gone, I dropped into another marble hall. The assistant (to whom my warmest thanks are due) scooped up what was left of me and laid me on a slab.

The assistant said I needed him, but to the

The a-sistant said I needed him, but to the best of my recollection, he kneaded me. He all over me, taking retrate. I threw off all reserve retrate, I threw off all reserve a pound, I should judge. He seemed to a pound, I should judge. He seemed to a pound to me. I never knew a man to assume the seemed to be a sometime. went all over me, taking up a collection, and did first-rate. I threw off all reserve—about did first-rate take a fancy to me. I never knew a man to get so intimate on short acquaintance. We talked rationally on a good many sub-

He said he barely got a living there. I was surprised. I supposed be managed to scrape together a good deal in the course of a year. He said he wasted to go into some whole-sale house. I ventured to predict that suc-cess awaited him in the rubber ousiness. In fact, we kept up quite a stream of conversation, which he supplemented with a hose that played over me in a gentle, leisurely manner, as if I were fully insured.

He then shoved me into a deep water tank where the "Rules for Restoring Persons Apparently Drowned" whissed through my mind, and I came very near forgetting that didn't know how to swim. I managed, how ever to fish myself out in season to observe a eald-headed Ananias, who murmured that be had been laid upon the table and should take a peel!

take a peel!

I came out to the drying-room, and made them think I was General Grant, by calling for a cigar. I drank a cup of coffee. After a while I sattled into my clothes and felt better. So much so that I did what I seldom do, walked clean home.

If I live to be ninety-eight years old, and

Presence of Mind.

There are few things which are less understood than the nature of presence of mind. It has been supposed by some to be mainly the result of a cool and lymphatic temperament. By others it has been supposed to be mainly the result of fearlesaness. But these are mistakes, A single example will almost suffice to verify the foregoing statements. The first Napoleon possessed, in a very high degree, this great quality of presence of mind. It is probable that he possessed it in a much higher degree than any man in his army. But he had by no means a cool and lymphatic temperament. On the contrary, he was of a very excitable and irritable nature, as most great men are apt to be. Again, it would be a very bold thing to say, that he was mere fearless than any man in his army. Doubtless there were many men as fearless as he.

We must look, therefore, for other causes. I say "causes," because any manifestation of human character is the result, in general, of several causes. But if there is one predominant cause, it is hopefulness. There are also minor causes of much importance. Men differ very much in the swiftness of their thinking. Men differ still more in their habits of concentrating thought, and relieving their attention from extraneous matters. But great proficiency in swiftness of thinking, and in concentrating thought, would not give presence of mind, unless there were hopefulness.

For a man to have presence of mind he must be sure of these three things, that in any difficulty or emergency there is always something to be done, that this something may be made the best thing to be done, and, lastly, that there is nearly always time in which to do it.

I will give a singular illustration of this cons which I have used before, but which

I will give a singular illustration of this

one which I have used before, but which I cannot do without on the present occasion.

To all those who have studied the ways of ro all those who have attuded the ways of serpents, it is known that those reptiles can-not spring at you when they are in a state of coil; they must uncoil themselves before they can make their spring upon you. Now, a man who knows this fact in natural hisa man who knows this fact in natural his-tory, if he should come upon a coiled ser-pent which raises its head, and, as the man sees, means battle, this man will have pre-sence of mind, because he has reason for hope that there is time for him to do some-thing. Accordingly it is worth his while to thins; and, so inconceivably rapid are the processes of thought, that he has time to think that it is worth his while to think. Shall he move to the right, or the left? Shall he endeavor to get to that tree? Shall he fire his revolver? If the man did not he fire his revolver? If the man did not know that he had time to think, he would give himself up to despair; and, like a frog or a rabbit, stupidly await the spring of his

In this particular case the hope is born of knowledge; but in any man who is con-cerned in great affairs, and who requires much presence of mind, there should be a hopefulness, not depending upon knowledge

—a habit of hopefulness arising from the
fact that hopefulness generally carries the
day. He should look upon all dangers and
difficulties, as gooded asymmetry, which he difficulties as coiled serpents, which, by their nature, must uncoil, and give him some

time before they can spring upon you.

At least, there is something comforting in the foregoing view, because, if true, it shows that presence of mind is a thing which may, to a certain extent, be acquired. We have been led a long way out of the usual road when we have come to the conclusion that presence of mind mainly depends upon hopefulness-in fact, upon a sanguine tem-perament, but perhaps it may not be a

Mr. Emerson quotes a conversation of Na-Mr. Emerson quotes a conversation of Na-poleon with Las Cases, in which the great conqueror remarked, "As to moral courage, I have rarely met with the two-o'clock-in-the-morning kind; I mean unprepared cour-age, that which is necessary on an unex-pected occasion; and which, in spite of the most unforeseen events, leaves full freedom of judgment and decision; and he did not he litate to declare that he was himself emi-pently endowed with this two-o'clocs-in-thenently endowed with this two-o'cloca-in-themorning courage, and that he had met with few persons equal to himself in this respect. The reader will see that, if I am right in the foregoing analysis of presence of mind, Na-poleon is wrong in attributing it to courage. But men seldom analyse carefully the quali-ties which they possess largely. Familiarity with these qualities of theirs renders them dull in the analysis of them.

AGRICULTURAL.

Mischievens Old Errors.

In the midst of change, improvement, re-ferm, quite a number of questionable old notions continue to be followed, even now notions continue to be followed, even now when the very erroneous character of some of them has been generally acknowledged. Of this character is the rigid adherence of a majority of drivers of borses to that useless and injurious relic of old times, the check rais. Its use with draught borses is positively croel. When a borse is drawing a heavy load, and particularly "up bill," he needs the utmost freedom of lungs and wind, and this he can prover have with a tight sively croel. When a borse is drawing a heavy load, and particularly "up hill," he needs the utmost freedom of lungs and wind, and this he can never have with a tight check rein. That the check rein prevents a horse from stumbling is more than doubtful; on the contrary, by elevating his eyes, it prevents him from seeing clearly where to place his foot. When a horse does stumble, he is far less likely to go down when his head is left free. In England, where they are far ahead of us in everything pertaining to horses, the check rein has been abolished; the last enrender being that of the artillery and commissariat trains of the British army, the change having been made by Sir George Burgoyne, the Commander-in-Chief, and he testifies to the beneficial effects attending it. In New York city, thanks to Mr. Bergh, many of the finest equipages are driven without the obeck rein, and a few humane people have thrown it out of use here. The old-fashioned "blinkers," or blind-balters, are also useless, if not positively injurious, by coming in contact with, and rubbing the lids of the horse's eyes; and many experienced horsemen long ago came to the conclusion that borses are more easily alarmed by what they hear and do not see, because being intelligent animals, if they can fully see the objects, which when unseen, or imperfectly seen, tend to frighten them, they are more readily calmed.

Another popular error, which bears hard

objects, which when unseen, or imperfectly seen, tend to frighten them, they are more readily calmed.

Another popular error, which bears hard on the horse, is the custom of making the axles of conveyances of all sorts of one uniform width. This custom is of ancient date, and it has caused great detriment to our public highways, both in town and country. It is not, perhaps, saying too much to assert that the uniform adherence to it has cost our Highway Department for the last fifty years hundreds of thousands of dollars. Had there been a latitude or play of from ten to twelve or fourteen inches in the tread of the wheels, especially in carts and wagons, it would have been impossible to have cut our pavements into the rats we now see, and which renders hauling so difficult along our streets and roads. Like the Connestoga wagons of the last generation, with their broad tires, a difference in the width of our axles would have improved rather than damaged our highways, and we should not see them out into alternating ridges and ruts, as so many of them are now.—Phil. Ledger.

Save the Hen Manure

The value of this article as a fertilizer is

The value of this article as a fertilizer is very generally overlooked. In moet cases, it is allowed to go to waste. The bens roost on trees, or fences, or some out-door place, where their droppings cannot be gathered up, and in numerous instances, when this is not the case, the accumulation of their department is looked upon as a nuisance hard to be endured. But occasionally we find one who knows its value. The following, given by a correspondent, is in point. Says he:

"I have a field of corn which grew very slowly, and the prospect for a crop was very discouraging. A neighbor offered me the droppings in his hen roost. His offer was gladly accepted, and two large wagon loads of manure was the result. This was liberally applied, a handful to a hill, as far as it would go. Two weeks after this application, there was a great difference between the manured part was much larger than the yellow the highest parts or the manured part was much larger than the yellow the larger parts of the case manured part was much larger than the yel-low, sick looking unmanured portion. At length, many good farmers expressed great wonder at the vast difference between the wonder at the vass directoric between the two portions. The part manured yielded three times as much as the unmanured per acre, and of much superior quality." We have corresponding testimony from other sources relative to the value of hen

manure, not only for the corn crop, but also many kinds of vegetables. Its value being beyond question, it should be preserved and applied as well as other manures.— Exchange.

A Word to the Farmers of the United States.

There is a prospect of a terrible war in Europe, involving the destruction of millions of dollars worth of sub-istence, which in peace would be saved. At the same time a peace would be saved. At the same time a wasting drought in France has shortened her crops one balf, and reduced the price of her live stock to almost nothing, owing to nore or less disastrous in its effects, has been felt and still prevails from the Baltic to the Black Sea.

From these facts it is apparent that there will be an extraordinary demand all over Europe for the next twelve months for our surplus bread-stuffs and provisions of all deeriptions. We have had a splendid wheat harvest, which includes a good harvest of rye, barley and oats. Our indian corn crop, the most important crop of the United States, is now developing itself, and the States, is now developing itself, and the general promise is very good. We would say, however, to every farmer concerned North and South, make and save as much of this crop as possible, for by next winter the product of an acre in corn may be worth more in cash than an acre's yield in cotton At the same time, in order to guard as fa as possible against unscrupulous speculators, the Agricultural Bureau at Washington may render an important service to the country in ascertaining the amount of our products this year in wheat, corn, potatoes, etc., from reliable sources. All parties concerned, and especially consumers, will know better what to do in the work of harmonizing demand and supply in knowing upon what we have to depend in the way of a surplus of breadstuffs for exportation

Preparation of Night Soil.

The following is a method of preparing this manure, in which its value is fully retained, while the offensive odor is effectually destroyed. We do not know to whom to eredit the paragraph:—
"To every one hundred pounds of night

"To every one hundred pounds of night soil add seven pounds of sulphate of lime (gypsum) in powder. A double decomposition will en-ue; and the result will be, instead of sulphuret of lime and carronate of ammonia, carbonate of lime and carronate of ammonia, the latter a soluble salt that cannot be volatilized. It may now be mixed with other composts, or dried any way that the farmer likes, and applied to the roots of the vegetables; to be again transformed into bread, butter, cheese, etc."

THE RIDDLES.

Missellaneons Enigma.

I am composed of 99 letters.

My 9, 88, 4, 14, 67, 17, 55, 3, 11, a batile of the 14th cectury.

My 7, 26, 10, 34, 50, 18, 29, 19, 21, 57, 47, 23, 60, 2, a Scottish Chief.

My 1, 12, 71, 10, 89, 24, 16, 50, 62, 8, a group of islands.

My 42, 80, 15, 96, 49, 46, 63, 82, 9, 25, an

island.
My 76, 28, 7, 90, 81, 57, 58, 60, 66, 5, a city of the United States.
My 78, 55, 24, 19, 20, 89, 26, 44, a lake in the United States.

United States.

My 84, 74, 61, 82, 56, a post.

My 22, 37, 45, 59, 43, 18, 65, 68, a county in Virginia.

My 54, 75, 64, 52, 79, 94, 55, 3, 85, a county in Virginia.

My 86, 87, 99, 3, 83, 24, 97, 91, 95, 20, 48, 61, 53, a publisher.

My 90, 34, 55, 51, 21, 88, 81, 65, a county in Virginia.

Wy 35, 36, 40, 70, a county in Georgia.

My 35, 36, 40, 70, a county in Georgia.

My 28, 96, 27, 73, a county in Missouri.

My 39, 29, 41, 11, 94, 28, a county in Vir-

My 39, 19, 21, 23, 39, 30, 39, a county in Iowa.
My 72, 13, 97, 50, 39, a county in Iowa.
My 92, 3, 80, 17, a cape of South America.
My whole is a quotation from one of Scott's
S. A. BELER.

Metagram.

I am composed of 3 letters, and am a pub-Change my first, and I am a cup or ves-

Change it again, and I am a boy's name.
Change it again, and I am much used in
hot weather.
Change it again, and I am the biped that
makes a fire.

Change it again, and I am a nickname for girl. Change it again, and I am a shallow ves-

Change it again, and I am what many boys have done.

Change it again, and I am often seen on
the hands of farmers.

Change it again, and I am the front of an

Honeytown, Ind.

Problem.

If the square root of the number of feet on my tape measure be extracted, and then brought to inches, we have an inch and a-half, to each foot on the measure. Required—the number of feet.

Enterprise, S. C. EGO GEO.

What was the first Eve-angelical al-liance? Ans.—Adam's marriage in Eden.

When they're a coarse-set.

Why do hens lay eggs in the day-time? Ans.—Because at night they are "roosters."

roceters."

What sort of leggings would you ex-lore the Nile with? Ans.—Alli-gaiters.

Why should Arabs not be subject to namity? Ans.—Because they are a nomad

What ailment may we look for on an

METEOROLOGICAL QUERY.—When s the worst weather for rats and mice? Ans.—When it rains cats and dogs,

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA-

"Tis liberty alone that gives the flower Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume; And we are weeds without it."

RIDDLE-The letter E.

Answers to H. R. Spink's PROBLEM of June 4th—\$108.58, \$99.54, \$91.88.—H. R. Spink, G. W. S. Hart.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of June 4th—\frac{1}{2}.—A. Martin's PROBLEM of June 25th—215600, 474320, 1897280—A. Martin. 14520, 72900, 1742400—H. R. Spink. Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of July 2d—0.60899.—A. Martin. \frac{1}{2}.—H. R. Spink. Answers to X's PROBLEM of June 18th—Thomas 11 years, and William 9 years old.

Thomas 11 years, and William 9 years old. X. H. B. Spink.

Answer to PROBLEM of July 9th—121.11 plus rods.—Philip Gossman. Answers to William Grant's PROBLEM of

July 16th—It will take 3 cate to kill 100 mioutes.—William Grant, W. W. Hitch, Horace G. Stephens.

Answer to Ego Geo's PROBLEM of July 23d—7 pounds.—Ego Geo, Philip Gossman.

RECEIPTS.

Graham Mush.—Faith Rochester says: Does anybody want to know how to make Graham mush? There are people who raise the best of wheat, year after year, and live on fine flour always, and have no idea how on fine flour always, and have no idea how sweet, as well as healthful, the unbolted, or Graham flour is. Make Graham mush as you do corn-meal hasty-pudding, sifting the meal with your hand slowly into boiling water, stirring briskly mean while. A few minutes boiling seems to cook it sufficiently, though many cook it longer. Sweetened cream is an excellent dressing for it, and then if you add fresh berries!—well, just try it! Many and fresh bernes:—well, just try it: shally be reosa like it with unsweetened cream or mitk, as they eat basty-pudding. Wheaten grits are usually bought in paper parcels with directions for cooking. They are the wheat kernels with the outer woody fibre stripped off; and are excellent, especially for persons with inflamed stomachs who cannot bear the bran of Graham.

CLAM FRITTERS.—Chop fine twenty-five clams, mix with them four well-beaten eggs, riece of butter the size of an egg, a cup of flour, a cup of sour cream, with just soda enough in it to neutralize the acid. Fry

brown in butter.

My washerwoman gave me a recipe which she says never fails to bleach muslin. For five pounds of outton, dissolve six ounces of chloride of lime in a quart of soft hot water; built he cloth in scap-suds and rinse it. Then strain the lime into sufficient water to immerse the cloth in, being careful sot to let any of the lime pass through the strainer. Put in the cloth, let it remain from ten to twenty winutes, and rinse it through two or three waters.

. Ped 60 C